

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

I. Notes and News.

THE alarming reports which are circulated from time to time about Mr. Ruskin's health and general state of mind have really very little foundation in fact. For the past few years he has suffered from no other maladies than those which are common to age. He is on the verge of eighty, and is somewhat weak on his legs. His mental powers, on the other hand, exhibit no sort of derangement, but only a perfectly natural and gradual quieting of their activity. He still reads and is read to a good deal.

WE are enabled by the courtesy of Mr. George Allen to give, in facsimile, portions of an interesting letter received by him from Mr. Ruskin in 1876. The beginning

Venice 10th Sept 76

My dear Allen

I got here on Thursday
in great comfort; and find
things much less grievous than
I feared; and have set to work
fairly on the new States of Venice
which will have all the eloquent
bits in the second & third volumes,
served up like pickled walnuts,
in sauce of a very different flavour.
— perhaps brandy cherries would
be a better symbol of what I hope
the book will be.

THE BEGINNING OF A LETTER FROM MR. RUSKIN.

and the end are all that we have reproduced; but it may be well to print what part of the intervening portion is pertinent, and so make the document more complete.

THIS is the relevant remainder of the letter: "I have got a drawing well on, with two days' work already. And I'm not miserable here, as everywhere else in Italy—

the sea and boats are still sea and boats—the pictures are still pictures—and I have the sense of home, without that of loss, for I had not my father and mother much with me here. . . . I have some nice pickled walnuts getting ready for Prof. Tyndall, too. Fourth Deucalion will be a duck."

— But oh, how the days fly
— and get so short!
Ever affectedly,
M.

THE END OF MR. RUSKIN'S LETTER.

PEOPLE may read in two ways Mr. Kipling's new poem, "The Truce of the Bear," which appeared in last week's *Literature*; but it is impossible, once the thought of the political bear has crossed one's mind, to disassociate it from the Czar's recent utterance concerning disarmament. In the mouth of an old hunter—who once tackled Adam-zad the bear, brought him to bay, aimed, but relenting as Adam-zad reared up like a man, pitiful in prayer, had for his kindness his face torn open by the beast—Mr. Kipling puts this warning:

Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press
him hard—

Not for his raging and roarings flinch ye from
Adam-zad.

But (pay and I put back the bandage) this is the
time to fear,

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near
and near;

When he stands up as pleading, in monstrous, man-
brute guise,

When he veils the hate and cunning of the little
swinish eyes.

When he shows as seeking quarter, with paw-like
hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril—the time of "The Truce of
the Bear!"

The political fabulist must go warily, and Mr. Kipling has made it possible for a reader to consider the poem merely as a hunting yarn. But we should like to receive a copy of last week's *Literature* after the Russian "caviarist" had done with it.

THE work upon which Mr. Kipling is just now engaged is a series of stories of school life, in the manner of the first half of his "Slaves of the Lamp," which appeared in *Cosmopolis* some months ago. Therein, we may safely presume, he calls on the memories of his old Westward Ho! days. In Mr. Kipling's time that school was a paradise for high-spirited youth, and it is even said that the passion for sport ran so far that for a little boy to permit himself (for a consideration) to be pursued by big boys armed with shot guns was a common experience of the half-holiday. Whether the "Beetle," as Mr. Kipling calls himself in "Slaves of the Lamp," ever acted as hunter or quarry we shall perhaps know when his stories appear.

WE give a reproduction of the obverse of the Zola medal, presented to the novelist in memory of his courage in defending Dreyfus. According to one authority, M.



OBVERSE OF THE ZOLA MEDAL.

Zola's features have never been better reproduced. On the reverse are these words, uttered by M. Zola on January 13, 1898: "La Vérité est en marche et rien ne l'arrêtera." The artist is M. Charpentier.

"Not infrequently excessive reverence," says a notice sent to us by Messrs. Service & Paton, "has prevented the Christian reader from recognising the literary beauties of the Bible." In our opinion the Christian reader extracts other matter from the Bible which compensates him for this lack of æsthetic vision, but in order that he may no longer rest in his unhappy condition, a volume has been prepared for him, by Prof. Moulton and others, entitled *The Bible and Literature*, in which the literary charm of the Bible is "pointed out." Meanwhile it is stated that in one of the lower standards of a Birmingham Board school the other day the headmaster provided the boys with slips of paper and desired them to write a reply to the question, "Who

wrote the Bible?" One answer given was "David," another "Mr. Cadbury," a third "Mr. Jowett," and a fourth "Shakespeare."

A WRITER in *Blackwood* attempts the task of appraising Mr. Kipling, and comes out with more success than some others who have ventured before him. This is an interesting criticism:

But his verse, whether in plain English or in dialect, is superior to his prose in plain English, because poetry is more exacting than prose. It is the paradox of poetry that it permits no synonyms. The poet is in perpetual quest of the one inevitable word, and only the true poet can find it. Now in Mr. Kipling's poetry the right word emerges at the right moment, and no one can doubt that it is the right word.

"So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the fives *a-crawlin'*!"

Follow me—follow me 'ome!"

Does not the word we have italicised almost make one catch one's breath by its startling appropriateness?

This writer agrees with Mr. Barrie, who once inquired into Mr. Kipling's merits in a similar way, that "The Man who would be King" is the best of the short stories. He ends with a prophecy that Mr. Kipling is "going strong," as the saying is, for many a year.

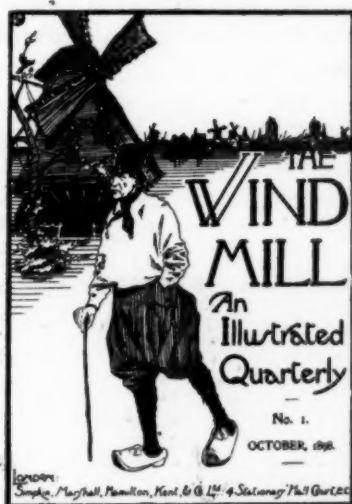
MR. H. S. SALT quotes in the preface to the new edition of his *Life of James Thomson* (B.V.) this extremely interesting letter from Mr. Meredith, dated February 2, 1891, in reply to a request that he would write an introduction to Mr. Salt's book:

I have gone through James Thomson's works, to spur myself. He was a man of big heart, of such entire sincerity, that he wrote directly from the impression carved in him by his desolate experience of life. Nothing is feigned, all is positive. No Inferno could be darker. But the practical effect of a greater part of the Poems is that of a litany of the vaults below. The task of a preface would be to show him pursued and precipitated by his malady in the blood to do this poetical offence of dark monotonousness, which the clear soul of the man would have been far from committing had he not been so driven, as the beautiful "Om-el-Bonain" may witness. Bright achievement was plucked out of the most tragic life in our literature. Still I find that to expound him rightly, doing justice to him, with satisfaction to his admirers—to show how the noble quality of the man, harried though never more than physically conquered at times by the Fury he inherited, affected his verse, making it record the gloomy images absolutely conceived by him—this is more than I can undertake. My health is of a pale sort at present. Now and then I have had in me a jet of an endeavour to hit the delicate balance which would give the just portrait of a brave good man and a true poet, hapless in his birth, fighting his best, and, as the book would show, not failing, though baffled. I cannot.

WITH its October number, the *Dome*, once a shy little quarterly, enters upon a bolder monthly career, with the following "Introit" on its first page:

Help us, O great Architect,
Sure foundations here to lay,
Though before Thy shrine we slay
Not one ox with garlands deck'd.
As we carve for Thee a throne,
Guide the chisel o'er the stone,
Guide it, O great Architect!

The *Dome* is distinctly strenuous, with a shaft of light from the Celtic sun just touching it. Many poets are allowed to sing beneath its arched roof, and others—such as Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Laurence Housman—to traffic in prose.



THE TITLE-PAGE OF *The Windmill*.

Among the artists represented are Mr. Strang and Utamaro. The new *Dome* promises to be an interesting and graceful companion month by month.

No sooner does the *Dome* vanish as a quarterly than the *Windmill* springs up to take its place. the *Windmill*, the title-page of which we produce in little, is of picture, prose,

and poetry compact, and comes from Messrs. Simpkin & Co. It is larger than the old *Dome*, less esoteric, more catholic. Humour is admitted; even this:

All curly carrots is 'er 'air,
'Er eyes is bloo, 'er fice is fair—
You bet a dollar she's all there,
My 'Liza.

She wears a lovely voylet gown,
A 'at wiv fevvers droopin' down,
There ain't a lidy in the town
Outvies 'er.

An' wen she winks 'er other heye,
An' looks at me so bloomin' fly—
I finks it only right that I
Should prize 'er.

And in place of "Introit" is an address to "Good Masters and Fair Dames," wherein the *Windmill* says of itself:

Now, for myself, an' you ask me for good honest wheat—good honest wheat you shall have, of fullest measure and free from chaff. My mind jumps full with yours, and we shall be right merry gossips.

Are you in serious mood? Then here am I standing solemn and impressive, two arms stretched

heavenward and two to earth, joining the beauty of the one to the humanity of the other.

Are you minded to be boisterous? Then do I call the rollicking breeze, and, twirling my arms in giddy delight, chatter you merrily. In either mood you shall find within me truest sympathy.

The one thing common to both *Windmill* and *Dome* is Mr. Laurence Housman.

YET another periodical born this October (although dated November) is the *Girl's Realm*. From the advance copy which Messrs. Hutchinson send us we gather that those girls who want a magazine of this kind will find in the *Girl's Realm* the kind of magazine they want. A story by Mr. Crockett, a reproduction of a picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., a sermon by the Bishop of Ripon, an account of Sandow's exercises for girls, a serial by Mrs. Mann—these are some of the contents. Two bicycles and a sewing machine are offered as prizes.

A LITTLE while ago we said something of the privately-printed catalogue of a Lang Library owned by a gentleman in Scotland, who had been specialising in Mr. Lang's diverse and multitudinous writings for many years. Now we hear of another privately printed brochure with which Mr. Lang is concerned: a little volume of some forty pieces of verse, of which Mr. Lang is the subject. The title may be "A New Friendship's Garland." Between Stevenson's "Dear Andrew of the Brindled Hair" to the "Ballade of Andrew Lang" there is a considerable range. Meanwhile, Mr. Lang, like Partridge in *Tom Jones*, continues to bear all these things patiently.

MUCH more enterprise in adding to the superficial attractiveness of books is now being displayed by publishers. The impetus was probably given by America, where the pictorial cover is managed in a way rarely equalled here. Artists are now being called in to lend colour, piquancy, and appropriateness to a story's outside in a way that was not thought of a year or so ago. We reproduce a cover designed for



A BOOK-COVER BY MR. HASSALL.

The Revolt of the Horses, one of Mr. Grant Richards's new books, by Mr. H. J. Hassall, an artist who is best known

for his designs for theatrical posters on the hoardings. From the S.P.C.K. come also a batch of new stories for children, the covers of which show a marked improvement in gay attractiveness.

DR. GEORG BRANDES is about to embark upon a Life of Bartholomew Thorvaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor. Thorvaldsen died in 1844, at the age of seventy-five; he was in touch with most of the prominent men of his time; he worked for Napoleon I. and Pope Leo XII.; and there should be no lack of materials for the writing of a fascinating biography.

AT the present moment, according to the Cologne correspondent of the *Standard*, two German agents of the publishing firm which has secured the right of publication of the Bismarck Memoirs, due on November 20, are now staying in London, endeavouring to arrange terms with some London publisher who will produce the work at his own risk. The price demanded for the English and American rights of publication (in English) is said to be £10,000. The MS. is written in Bismarck's own hand.

ONCE upon a time the criticism of books was the only thing attempted by literary papers. But now we have passed to criticism of reviewers too. In the current *British Weekly* will be found some searching comments upon the critical methods of the *Spectator* under its new editor. These are hard times. There are lynx eyes in ambush everywhere.

THE "Autobiography of a Child," which begins in the October *Blackwood*, promises to be a really valuable contribution to the psychology of girlhood. The author's name is not given, but we understand that she is well known as a fearless critic of literature, with a passion for sincerity that is the making of such work as these reminiscences.

THE photograph of Mr. G. W. Stevens, Mr. Maud, and Mr. Scudamore, which we give on another page, is from a negative by Mr. Lionel James, Reuter's correspondent in the Soudan.

COMMENCING with the October number, a French edition of the *Studio* is to be published in Paris simultaneously with the English edition.

THE "Cornish Diamonds," with which Mr. Quiller Couch brings his *Cornish Magazine* to a close, month after month, improve in brilliancy. This, for example, is a story good to meet with:

A West-country squire on his death-bed was visited by the Parson.

"You are going to a better world," said the Parson.

"I don't want no better world. With my whit-faced mare and a thousand a year I don't want no better world. Her'd go over gates one arter t'other—tip—tip—tip."

MR. WHISTLER has just made another of his infrequent appearances as a public letter-writer, in connexion with a statement which was being circulated to the effect that an "Academie Whistler" had been established in Paris. Nothing of the kind, says he: all that he will do is to attend a few classes of a new *atelier* in the Passage Stanislaus. But what drew our attention to the letter in question was the heading, "A New Academy," given to it in the papers. There is but one new ACADEMY of real interest—to us.

A COMPLETE edition of Mr. William Watson's poems, or as complete a one as he wishes to see issued, is now being prepared by the poet for Messrs. Macmillan, in conjunction with Mr. John Lane, who will issue it in uniform volumes. Mr. Watson, it is said, thinks of turning more attention in the near future to prose.

THE popularity of the *Daily Mail* is steadily increasing. According to the figures of the chartered accountant who is employed to inquire therein, the average circulation in September was 519,715. Except for the exceptional



[G. West & Son, Photo.]

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

demand for the paper in May (when the average was 534,481), these figures mark a sure improvement. We give a portrait of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, founder and controller of the *Mail*.

ONLY one book of new poetry has reached us this week, and that is entitled *The Coming of Spring*.

"S. G.," writing in the *Pull Mall Gazette*, remarks in his *Literary Notes*: "If the ACADEMY or any other journal means to work literary revolutions, why does it not revolutionise one practice of publishers—that of issuing books uncut? The worst sufferer from the habit is the unhappy reviewer, who has to dissect thousands of pages weekly; but a bookseller was expounding the other day that the publisher suffers too. People, he said, come into a shop and like to look into books before they buy them; so that, other things being equal, the uncut book is handicapped. Also, the bookseller and his assistant read the cut books and recommend what they have read; here is a second handicap." It is an old question, and the *pros* and *cons* of it are commonplaces. Personally, we are with "S. G.," but thousands of book-buyers are not.

MUCH virtue in types. The *Chronicle* draws attention to the appearance of a story, on the cover of which is set forth that the author is one Lessey-Beard (in very small type) and that his effusion is dedicated (very large type) to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, "author of *Three Men in a Boat*." Much virtue in skilful dedications too.

In the October *Macmillan's* will be found some quiet and very entertaining gossip of the past by an anonymous contributor. "A Grandmother's Tales" she calls her pleasant talk, with this quotation from Béranger at the head:

"Vous l'avez vu? Grand'mère
Vous l'avez vu?"

We quote a passage concerning Matthew Arnold:

The dinner was an important event to me, but it was one of much greater importance to two of the guests. Mr. Matthew Arnold met his future wife for the first time at that dinner. . . . After his marriage, the cares of life closed over him, and I never heard that unrestrained flow of fun again. He would flash out at times, mocking himself and every one else with his peculiar airy grace; but he never seemed quite to regain that "first fine careless rapture," and his wit was intermittent. When I first saw him he was very handsome, with thick hyacinthine locks, which he would toss slightly as he spoke, and a charming smile. I shall always maintain that he was not supercilious. He never thought about other people's inferiority; he only said, "You are all capital fellows and I am sure you admire me,"—and so we did.

We hope that the "Grandmother" will continue these "Tales."

THE following entries appear in a certain official catalogue of books:

- Lead, Copper.
- Metallurgy.
- Kindly Light (Newman).
- Poisoning.

II. The Newest Books.

FORTUNATE is the man who has Mr. Birrell for a biographer. This we say after studying one of the brightest little "Lives" of recent times—

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

the outcome of one lawyer's friendship for another. As a rule one does not go to the legal profession for cheery, winning pleasantries, yet this book is full of them: the record of a shrewd and humorous personality by a man of wit and kindly nature. It is its humorous side which makes the book what it is, for Sir Frank Lockwood was, when serious, not specially remarkable. Fortunately, both



THE REV. TOBIAS BOFFIN CALLS ON MR. BIRRELL.

with pen and pencil it was his wont to make things merrier for his friends, and Mr. Birrell celebrates the gift. One of his more elaborate jokes is narrated very fully. Mr. Birrell once invented, for Party reasons, an imaginary character called the Rev. Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), and Lockwood was mischievously inspired to give this figment life. Mr. Birrell met with Boffin at every turn.

His personality became obtrusive. Not only did he write a letter complaining bitterly of my reference to him, but he thrust himself into the councils of the party, attending a conference at Leeds on the thorny, and, indeed, still unsolved, problem of the House of Lords. . . . On more than one occasion while sitting in the House, that card with which Members are only too familiar has been handed in to me, acquainting me that the Rev. Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), was in the Lobby seeking an interview with me on "private business." I remained on those occasions wedded to debate. Strangest of all, after the House rose, and at the end of August, I got a letter from Cober Hill enclosing a newspaper cutting, from which it appeared that the reverend gentleman had interrupted a meeting which Alfred Pease was addressing in the North Riding. The cutting recounted as follows: "Thereupon Mr. Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), came to the front, and expressed in strong language his regret that Mr. Alfred Pease had thought fit to allude to Mr. Birrell, M.P., as his honourable friend and a good Liberal.

He went on to say, amid considerable interruption, that for his part he would be ashamed to number among his friends such a man. The chairman asked Mr. Boffin to postpone his remarks, and to allow Mr. Pease to continue. (Cheers and 'Sit down, Boffin.') Amid general disorder Mr. Boffin quitted the platform."

And all the time it "rained pictures" of Mr. Boffin, "as a disagreeable child of seven, as a bland and curly divine of thirty-seven, as a soured, prematurely aged and angry man with but one idea, and that to see poor me." And at last a tiny quarto made its appearance in an edition of twenty-five copies, entitled *The Strange History of Tobias Boffin, B.A.* (Lond.), copiously illustrated. One of the extra illustrations we give on page 17. "The Rev. Tobias Boffin pays a call" is the legend beneath it, with this stanza from a ballad on the subject:

I've heard of your scoffin' and sneerin at Boffin,
And swearin' its only a blind,
But some day he'll call at your ancestral hall
And give you a piece of his mind.

The footman is roaring out "The Reverend Tobias Boffin!!!" The author of *Obiter Dicta* is in agony. (Smith & Elder. 226 pp. 10s. 6d.)

MR. ANDREW LANG'S Christmas Book for 1898 has already made its appearance, synchronising with the dawn of a balmy October. It is a selection from

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

No one, says Mr. Lang in his preface, knows how old these stories are, or who told them first. "The children of Ham, Shem, and Japhet may have listened to them in the Ark on wet days," and "Hector's little boy may have heard them in Troy Town." Mr. Lang himself read them when he was six. In the volume before us there are many illustrations, and some of the stories have been shortened by omissions of pieces "only suitable for Arabs and old gentlemen." (Longmans. 424 pp. 6s.)

By consent, Mr. Gleeson White has revised Mr. Ernest Rhys' study of

FREDERIC LORD LEIGHTON,

adding facts which have been published since Lord Leighton's death, and the Winter Exhibition of his collected works at the Royal Academy. The new volume makes a handsome Christmas book. The many reproductions of pictures are sumptuous. (George Bell & Sons. 102 pp.)

THERE seems to be a notion that children want their pictures of animals, birds, and men done in the latest and most knowing style of art. In such a book, for instance, as

AN ALPHABET FOR ANIMALS,

by Mr. Carton Moore Park, we are oppressed by the artist's prominence. These huge glazed pages are not for children's hands; these clever wash drawings, done after

the convention of Mr. Nicholson, are not for young eyes. Children want straightforward drawing and pleasant colour, with just a dash of fun. Will any child bear to be told that the mother kangaroo carries a family in a big pouch and allows her little ones to put their heads out, and then be put off with the picture of a male or unmarried kangaroo with no pouch and no little ones looking out of it at all? Certainly not. But perhaps Mr. Park does not intend his kangaroo for children. If so, we beg his pardon and pronounce his drawings of animals to be clever, but gloomy. (Blackie. No pagination. 5s.)

COLONIAL needs and colonial enterprise are continually finding expression in books which, it may be hoped, are read by those whom they closely concern, since they can find few readers among the general public. We can recommend anyone who wishes to know something of the history, geography, and ethnology of the Gold Coast to read

THE GOLD COAST PAST AND PRESENT,

by Mr. George Macdonald. The author has had much experience as a Civil servant in the colony, and it is evident that he knows his subject. West Africa is a sorry sample of European influence on the Dark Continent. However, the Gold Coast motto, "Softly, softly, catch monkey," is approved by the author, who says that in West Africa haste is injurious. There are some amusing descriptions in the book; as, for instance, of the King of Akropong's town band, consisting of "big drum, side drums, fifes, and a bugle, upon which English tunes are done to death. . . . The members of the band are insensible alike to praise or ridicule, and whatever one says is taken as a compliment, and forms the signal for louder and more continuous playing." (Longmans. 352 pp. 7s. 6d.)

ELABORATELY illustrated or decorated books being now in fashion, it was impossible, we suppose, that Keats's

ISABELLA

should long escape this treatment. Hence we accept with resignation the ornate volume which Mr. W. B. Macdougall has prepared. We cannot, however, admire it. As a designer of borders this artist has merits, although, for our taste, his method is too restless and his patterns are too suggestive of new chintzes. But as a delineator of the human form divine he has only rudimentary ideas. The youths and maidens who stalk through these pages are atrocious—nothing less. Mr. Macdougall should attend a life-class before he tampers with Keats again. (Kegan Paul. No pagination. 10s. 6d.)

ONE of the favourite books of Her Majesty the Queen, so it is said, is the volume of quiet and kindly essays on conduct, by the late Mr. Hain Friswell, entitled *The*

Gentle Life. This circumstance, coupled with filial devotion, has led to the publication of a life of the author under the title

JAMES HAIN FRISWELL,

the writer being Mrs. Ambrose Myall, his daughter. Mr. Friswell was a bookman and the friend of bookmen, a busy journalist, and, according to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who knew him well, "a fine ideal of what was honourable and loyal." But his life was uneventful and the story of it does not exactly make literature. It is mainly small beer: letters from Mr. Friswell to fellow craftsmen and their replies; notes from an occasional big gun, such as Kingsley; reviews of Mr. Friswell's books; copies of Mr. Friswell's letters to the daily papers; descriptions of him in his home life; and Mrs. Myall's own recollections. It is all very kindly and amiable, and not in the least important. (Redway. 316 pp. 15s. net.)

"SOCIAL science affirms that woman's place in society marks the level of civilisation." This sentence appears on the title-page of a volume of reminiscences, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, entitled

EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE (1815-1897).

It is a book which will interest all who desire to see the position of women improved, and the establishment of woman suffrage. More than this we cannot say for it; but here is a good story. The author was addressing a large Convention on her favourite subject:

All the gentlemen were serious and respectful, with one exception. A man with an unusually small head, diminutive form, and crooked legs, tried, at my expense, to be witty and facetious. During a brief pause in the conversation he brought his chair directly before me and said, in a mocking tone: "Don't you think that the best thing a woman can do is to perform well her part in the rôle of wife and mother? My wife has presented me with eight beautiful children; is not this a better life-work than that of exercising the right of suffrage?" . . . I promptly replied to this question, as I slowly viewed him from head to foot: "I have met few men in my life worth repeating eight times." The members burst into a roar of laughter, and one of them, clapping him on the shoulder, said: "There, sonny, you have read and spelled; you better go."

(T. Fisher Unwin. 474 pp. 7s. 6d.)

WHY are so few books of travel classics? As a rule, books of travel are topographical, geographical, ethnological, and scientific; whereas, if they aspire to be literary classics, they should be commentaries on stay-at-home life with the advantage of new comparisons, illustrations, and points of view. The book of travel which is all travel can never be a classic. But the book of travel which, like

EOTHEN,

makes of travel a criticism of life, and tells us, not how a country looks to average eyes, but how the sense

and sensibility of one man were affected by it, will be read when its mere information is obsolete. Perhaps the charm of Kinglake's *Eothen* is more a tradition than a living experience with the general reader to-day. That is a pity. The book is really charming, is really a classic. It appeared in 1844, and it describes Kinglake's travels in the East in 1834. To-day we welcome an accurate reprint of the first edition, edited by the Rev. William Tuckwell. In a pleasant and informing Introduction to the book Mr. Tuckwell tells us that he is old enough to remember the welcome which *Eothen* received on its first appearance. "It arrested old and young, men of the club and library, undergraduates, schoolboys, even domestic servants; the messenger at New College, an eccentric college scout—old Wykehamists will remember Richard Swallow—knew the book by heart and used to linger talking of it in our rooms." What was, and what is, the secret of *Eothen's* charm? It is only this: that in it Kinglake is the gentleman at large, the amused and amusing thinker and observer, not your friend quite, but your partner in a pleasant *rencontre*; telling you frankly how the East affected him, anticipating your surprise, owning his absurdities; recalling England and London in the desert, and digressing into literature and private moods; but always speaking from himself. *Eothen* lives not as a good book of travel, but as a good book. (George Bell & Sons. 267 pp. 4s. net.)

IN these days, when long and wearisome biographies are much too common, one can welcome a book of "Lives," and can even wish that this class of work—miniature biography—were more often attempted. We have found in the LIVES OF THE ELIZABETHAN BISHOPS OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH,

by the Rev. F. O. White, a fund of unexpected interest and entertainment. While Mr. White does complete justice to the piety and ability of bishops like Grindal and Jewel, he writes with frankness about bishops whose lives were of a different order. So much is this the case that the book will doubtless be referred to by Liberationists and other enemies of the Establishment, who will revel in the accounts of the learned, ultra-Protestant Richard Cox of Ely, who scandalised the world and deeply incensed Elizabeth by marrying in his seventieth year; of Freafe of Norwich, who took a wife much earlier in life, and had reason to regret it ever after, for she ruled his house and diocese; of Young, who, as Bishop of St. David's, robbed his own cathedral, and, as Archbishop of York, stole the lead from his own palace roof; of Overton, who mounted the Bishop's throne at Lichfield by the tactics of a ground worm, and who, after making seventy ministers out of tailors, shoemakers, &c.—for money—blushed to find it infamy. Throughout the book Elizabeth figures, now as a patron, now wielding the punitive slipper. A book which every good Christian will enjoy. (Skeffington & Son. 419 pp. 10s. 6d.)

THE reprinting of standard works from a desire to give them a "worthy form" is often a perilous undertaking. When form is the motive, the result is apt to be less pleasing than in cases where it is regarded as a matter for careful routine work. A reprint of

RELIGIO MEDICI

which lies before us is a case in point. It approaches quarto size, and type and paper leave nothing to be desired. But does anyone want Sir Thomas Browne's curious work in so large a form? We might read it in folio when the spirit of Lamb is on us, in duodecimo when our own yearns for the sage of Norwich, but this volume hits us between moods, and we vote the cream canvas cover, already finger-marked, a mistake. We are not like Sir Thomas in that we have "no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humour, air, anything." And so with a word for its type, which is noble, and its portrait, which is interesting, we take leave of Sir Thomas in this dress. (George Bell & Sons. 187 pp.)

THE publishers' Christmas begins when the Michaelmas goose waddles to market, and ends a fortnight before the Christmas goose is slain. So

YULE LOGS,

as a title, startles us only until this fact is remembered. The book forms Messrs. Longmans' "Christmas Annual for 1898," and it is a budget of bright short stories edited by Mr. G. A. Henty. Cuba and a submarine boat are the ingredients of the first story, and there is nothing but good, sound stuff in the volume. Mr. Henty himself contributes a tale of a Mexican rancho. There are eleven stories in all, and the pictures are "ripping." (Longmans. 430 pp. 6s.)

GOLF is gradually and swiftly accumulating a literature of its own which promises before long to become more bulky than that of cricket. Before us lies

THE WORLD OF GOLF,

a new volume in the Isthmian Library, which gives an idea of the popularity of the game at this moment both here and abroad. It is not, says the author, Mr. Garden Smith, himself a fine golfer, and editor of a golfing paper, a book of instruction, because "a man can no more be taught to play golf by a book than he can be made virtuous by Act of Parliament." On the contrary, it is a work of information concerning links and champions, and "a slight contribution to the cause of golf." Our own opinion is that the cause of golf is already sufficiently served, but that does not prevent us finding interest in these pages. The author knows his subject: he even calls Mr. John Ball "Johnnie." (A. D. Innes. 330 pp. 5s.)

THE recent victories of Atbara and Omdurman have somewhat thrust the memory of Dargai from our minds.

But that should not be the case, and we are therefore glad of the opportunity given us by Colonel H. D. Hutchinson in his

CAMPAIGN IN TIRAH

to read the gallant story. Colonel Hutchinson, who is Director of Military Education in India, tells the tale in a soldier-like way, and with the aid of charts and drawings the expedition is made clear. Here is a story of the Gordons on their historic charge:

As the Gordons breasted the last stiff ascent, Colonel Mathias, no longer quite in his first youth, was somewhat short of breath, and said to Colour-Sergeant Mackie, alongside of whom he found himself at this moment: "Stiff climb, eh, Mackie? Not quite—so young—as I was—you know." "Never mind, sir!" answered the gallant Sergeant, giving his C.O. a hearty slap of genuine admiration on the back, which almost knocked his remaining wind out of him—"Never mind, sir! Ye're gaun verra strong for an auld man!"

(Macmillan. 250 pp. 8s. 6d. net.)

HAVING despatched the cities of Belgium, Florence, and Paris, Mr. Grant Allen, as a further proof of his indomitable industry, now adds

VENICE

to his series of Historical Guides. It can be said of this book that whether one takes it to the City of the Doges, or whether one reads it at home, it is profoundly interesting. Mr. Grant Allen's point of view, his desire to relate one thing to another, may not be exactly what the tourist in a hurry wants; but every intelligent person not in a hurry (and to be in a hurry in Venice is a scandal) should be grateful for the scheme here followed. We quote the description of one of the pictures in Carpaccio's St. Ursula sequence in the Academy:

"St. Ursula's Dream," a very lovely picture. The saint lies peacefully sleeping in a neat little bed under a simple canopy; to the extreme R., an angel enters. Every detail here is delicious, from the flower-pots and flowers in the window, to the clogs which the tidy little saint has put off by her bedside, and the dainty crown which she has carefully laid on the parapet at the foot of the bed. A virgin martyr, but an ideal housewife.

(Grant Richards. 272 pp. 3s. net.)

ACTING presumably under the supposition that the playgoers who visit the versions of Dumas'

THREE MUSKETEERS

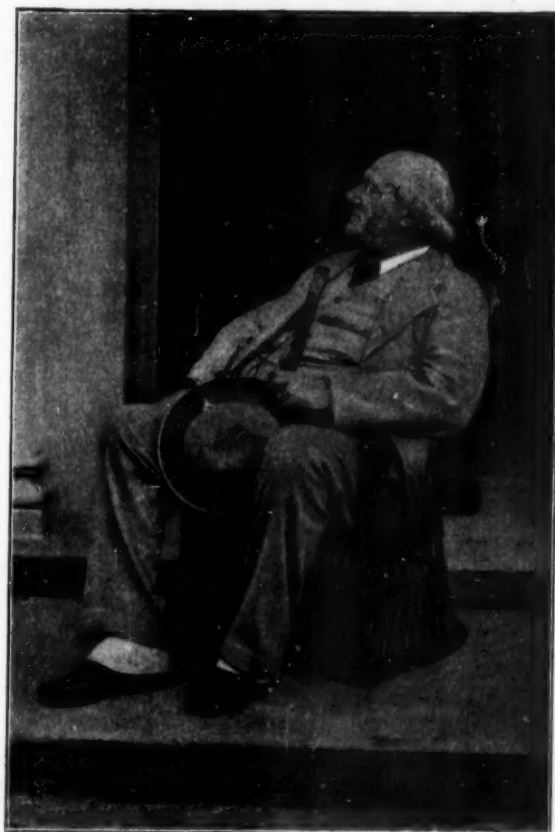
now being performed on the stage will want to read the romance too, Messrs. Routledge have prepared a new cheap edition, with twelve full-page drawings by Leloir. Stage and literature here run hand in hand, for on the cover of the book Mr. Sydney Grundy's drama on the subject (due in November) is advertised. (Routledge. 492 pp. 1s.)

Reviews.

A Pillar of the Fourth Estate.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. By J. K. Laughton, M.A. (2 vols. 28s. Longmans.)

HENRY REEVE, leader-writer of the *Times* and Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, being one of the men who work behind the veil, is but a name to many people, and not even that to most. As far as the general reader is concerned, Reeve was the editor of *Greville's Memoirs*, and nothing else. He emerged from obscurity to accomplish



HENRY REEVE.

that feat, and returned to obscurity again. Of what was going forward in that obscurity the general reader is not aware. This portly book enlightens him: it shows that Henry Reeve was helping, stolidly, untiringly, copiously, to mould British opinion, and meanwhile was passing sedulously among men of note, observing, recording, and accumulating an extraordinary amount of mixed information.

To the circumstance that Reeve kept a diary and wrote letters we owe the more interesting parts of this volume. The diary was but a slender one, and for the most intimate and irresponsible of his utterances we must go to his letters, and especially those addressed to his mother. To the

ordinary reader these are the gayest reading, since they are quite unconstrained and come hot from a young man of extraordinary powers of observation, facile in expression, intensely interested in the novel study of men and things, and when "off duty," as one might say, capable of wit and epigram. Reeve, it might be remarked here, is another example of the superiority of professional writers' "undress" manner.

By an arrangement rarer in those days than now, it was upon the Continent that Reeve roofed in his education. His mother—a widow, and he her only son—sacrificed half her income to this object. He studied at Geneva. Presently he is found at Paris in the days of Louis Philippe; where he attended Cousin's lectures, and commented thus: "How anything so cynical in ordinary life can co-exist with a soul and a faith so platonical and so refined is . . . to me a subject of great wonder. If he speaks like the sage of Academus in the walls of the Sorbonne, he growls like Diogenes when entubbed in his easy-chair." About the same time Reeve passed from France to Germany, and there practised his characteristic acquisitiveness. Munich, he says, is governed by poetry and painting; but other Germans have their ideas "bedridden in their brains." It was at Munich that Reeve made the acquaintance of E. H. Handley (fated to be, by his communicative ardour, "in some sense my Messiah," as he wrote to Mrs. Reeve), with whom he remained in close correspondence.

In 1835 Reeve paid another visit to Paris, with the view of gaining an insight into the practical working of French criminal law. The great event was a visit to "La Fabrique de l'Absolut," where, for his benefit, Balzac

talked chiefly of himself with the most boisterous and fantastical self-acclamation, and drew out the lines and castrametation of his great work . . . a work which will in all probability remain incomplete from the death or madness of its author—the builder of a Babel which he intends to be a mark to all nations and to overshadow the earth.

For a general title Reeve suggests, on the analogy of the *Divina Commedia*, "La Diabolique Comedie du Sieur de Balzac"; and he writes to Handley: "Alas! my friend, I can scarce find courage to laugh at a theory which is dragging down hundreds of young souls into its pit with the impure claws of a ghoul" (*et. 22*). At this time he undertook his first serious work, the translation of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, to which in 1872 he ascribed any truth or merit there might be in the opinions he had formed on the state of France and the history of her revolutions.

At home he became a constant visitor at Iansdowne House, where he met "a party which had a thousand merits to compensate the solitary vice of Whiggism." He saw a good deal of the Macaulays, and found the girls (this is a good remark—with a witty distinction at the end of it) "terribly like Babington, and very amusing from a mixture of saintship and politics, ignorance of the world

June. 1901.

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and knowledge of Parliament." Four or five years afterwards, when he was seven and twenty (seven and forty for maturity), he was dining at "Tom" Longman's:

We got Sydney [Smith] on the overpowering subject of Macaulay. Macaulay is laying waste society with his water-spouts of talk; people in his company burst for want of an opportunity of dropping a word; he confounds soliloquy and colloquy. Nothing could equal my diversion at seeing T. B. M. go to Council the other day in a fine laced coat, neat green-bodied glass chariot, and a feather in his hat. Sydney S. had said to Lord Melbourne that Macaulay was a book in breeches. . . . I said the worst feature in Macaulay's character was his appalling memory. . . . "Aye, indeed," said S. S.; "why, he could repeat the whole *History of the Virtuous Blue-Coat Boy*, in three volumes, post 8vo, without a slip. He should take two tablespoonfuls of the waters of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive powers."

Years afterwards Reeve summed up his judgment of the great essayist, weighing him in the balance with Newton and Bacon, as a mind "essentially of the tertiary formation"; theirs "protogenic."

At the age of twenty-five years Reeve was appointed Clerk to the Council, a position of some consideration and accompanied by a sufficient salary. This brought him for the first time into frequent contact with Brougham (who strongly opposed his appointment), and he gives an amusing commentary on the great Brougham hoax. He had even reached the point of noting down that the shocking accident by which the Chancellor had lost his life was the sequel of a thirteen dinner, and that "England will be long before she nurses such a son again—a son, indeed most prodigal of all his gifts, yet supplying from his own resources an unexhausted store," before the revelation came.

Shiel [he writes] rushed from the Athenæum on Monday evening to pen a magniloquent obituary, which appeared in the next day's *Chronicle*. . . . Windsor Castle shook with glee, and Lord Holland began to think that he should venture to speak again in the Lords. For the first time for five years all the world talked for a whole day about Brougham's virtues. . . . For my part, I contemplated the inquest sitting on the body, and I had selected the 12th and 13th verses of St. Jude's Epistle for the funeral sermon. D'Orsay drew a capital sketch of Brougham, in his plaid trousers, from memory, which we thought invaluable; and nobody could look at his wild, uncouth handwriting without tears in his eyes. In short, so bad a joke was never played on so large a scale before. . . . H. B. [Doyle] will immortalise it by a sketch; and as we all cried on this occasion, the next time he dies we shall have the laugh all on our way.

The office of Clerk to the Council was no sinecure, but Reeve did not long confine his energies to the execution of its functions. He was already a frequent contributor to

the *Edinburgh*; and from 1840, when he was introduced by Greville to the *Times*, he was an industrious and fruitful leader-writer. He was in frequent and familiar correspondence with Guizot, with Tocqueville, and with other statesmen and men of letters of the Continent. He was in constant communication with Lord Clarendon; and his own chief, Greville, was always at his elbow. Thus he was probably the best informed journalist in Europe; and while his name was little known to the populace, he was conscious of being in the forefront among the leaders of European opinion. And he was only thirty. Delane, the editor, gave him a free hand; and during the years 1840-55 (as he afterwards calculated) 2,482 articles, equivalent to fifteen octavo volumes of 500 pages each, were the fruit of his singular industry. It is his own boast that at the time he left it, in consequence of a difficulty with Dasent, whom Delane had left in charge—the *Times* had become a power in Europe "more dreaded by kings, and more read by statesmen than the most elaborate despatches." Its circulation was quadrupled. It is only fair to call to mind that it opposed the construction of the Suez Canal, as injurious to the interests of British commerce.

Of his domestic life we have in these volumes nothing but an outline. He was twice married, and lost his first wife in child-bed. The daughter then born to him is mentioned here and there by name. The principal event of her life is treated with such laconic brevity as he uses for similar events in his own career. Thus: "August 18th. —Letter from Hopie announcing her intended marriage. September 6th.—Hopie married at Kirklands to Thomas Ogilvie, of Chesters." Such cold brevity is characteristic of Reeve; much what you might expect from a man who, at the age of twenty-seven, cured himself of "a strongish liking for a person, which had resisted several other excellent remedies," by remarking that she was unpunctual; "from thence I inferred a want of energy in things more important than time, and I traced this weak fibre through the whole character."

Here is an impression of Landor: "There is something of perpetual youth in his age; and he has that clear spirit of thought in him which shines like the eye of some large bird in the twilight."

A silhouette of Tennyson: "Marriage of Ellinor Locker to Lionel Tennyson in Westminster Abbey. All the literary world there. Imposing aspect of Alfred Tennyson, who looked round the Abbey as if he felt the Immortals were his compeers."

A glimpse of Carlyle's coat-tails: "Carlyle was so offensive I never made it up with him."

And to Lord Derby it is written in 1890: "Do you ever see the *New Review*? I picked it up yesterday and read a very pretty Socialist programme by Morris and a Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom I never heard of before, but who is apparently rather clever and rather cracked."

As has been said, Reeve retired in 1855 from the *Times*; thenceforth devoting himself to the *Edinburgh*, which till

the day of his death he edited with extraordinary diligence and skill. He counted it "a sort of peerage"—for restfulness and deliberation, that is.

The story of Greville's placing the volumes of his journals into Reeve's hands is told; and we learn some details of the Sovereign's expressed dislike for incidental slurs upon the reputation of her Family. Whereupon writes the editor of the memoirs to Mr. E. Cheney: "I should like to say to these eminent persons that I value the honour of being the editor of Charles Greville's Journals infinitely more than any distinction that queens or duchesses could bestow upon me."

We are left on the whole with the clear impression of a man of first-rate intellectual equipment and tireless energy; of managed affections; harbouring, of set purpose, none but probable hopes; realising them, every one—except to be quit of the "beautiful manifest podagra" upon which his German physician enthusiastically complimented him: he was gouty.

Mr. A. E. Housman's Poems.

A Shropshire Lad. By A. E. Housman. New edition. (Grant Richards.)

THIS is virtually the second edition of Mr. A. E. Housman's Poems, which, first given to the public two years ago, are now re-issued by another publisher, Mr. Grant Richards. This new edition comes timely, when attention has been called to the book by Mr. William Archer's article in the *Fortnightly*. The *Fortnightly*, which under its former editor was felicitous in the "discovery" of new writers, has certainly sustained its tradition by the proclamation of Mr. A. E. Housman (to be distinguished from Mr. Laurence Housman, also a true poet, though of a more recluse and unpopular kind). Because we have very earnest praise to give Mr. Housman, we shall begin by certain protests, not against him, but against his critics, or rather some excesses of his critics. He comes upon reviewers with a surprise of novelty; and under such circumstances the reviewer is all too apt in extremes of reaction, as though the new thing were not only a right thing, but *the* right thing. Directness is not the note of most modern poetry. It is emphatically a note of Mr. Housman; and accordingly critics write as though directness *à la Housman* were your only wear in song, and his predecessors like sheep had gone astray. We can see in Mr. Housman's directness an excellent thing for Mr. Housman's aims, without repudiating all other modes of excellence. We can applaud in him a new, true, and individual note, without bidding all his fellow-singers give place to him, like a critic cited in the advertisement pages at the end of the book. There has been too much of this during late years. First Mr. Robert Bridges was our one authentic voice;

then Mr. William Watson was the *jeune premier* among English poets; then Mr. John Davidson was the sole true minstrel of modernity; and but the other day Mr. Stephen Phillips was discovered to be the real Arabian bird. Meanwhile, we do not cry down Joachim, because we cry up Sarasate; we admit a pantheon in music—why not in poetry? Let us be only too thankful if we have many poets with diverse gifts. We, at any rate, shall not join in the parrot-cry that the last-found poet is in the major key, and all the rest in the minor. One reviewer is so grateful for Mr. Housman's directness that he tries to make him out what emphatically he is not—the simple, wholesome, manly, rural singer, who loves football and cricket, and can drink beer and break a rival's head as well as make rustic love. One would suppose a new Norman Gale (where is he, that mere directness should be thought such a new note?). Strangely surprised would the reader be who adventured upon *A Shropshire Lad* with such a preconception. He sings of cricket, it is true, but in this fashion:

Now in Maytime to the wicket
Oft I march with bat and pad;
See the Son of Grief at cricket
Trying to be glad.

Try I will; no harm in trying;
Wonder 'tis how little mirth
Keeps the bones of men from lying
On the bed of earth.

God-a'-mercy! Does Mr. Stoddart, that "Son of Grief," lead his men into the field, "trying to be glad?" And what price on his captainship, if he did? We are tempted to address Mr. Housman, after Browning:

O my Housman, A. E. Housman, this is very, very sad!

I cannot mistake your meaning, that would prove me blind or mad.

What! they think so at the wicket, these young batsmen lithe and firm,

Think on what a little mirth will keep them from the curling worm?

Nay, but rather thinketh Jackson facing Albert Trott, I know,

Thinketh upon how much art will keep him from the curling slow!

Clearly, nothing can be more misleading than to regard this poet as a specimen of the healthy, life-enjoying, country bard.

Mr. Housman, as a matter of fact, is a peculiar combination, and the originality which has attracted reviewers arises from that peculiarity. On the one hand is the sweet breath of the fields, on the other the stern and sombre endurance of the dweller in cities. It is the note of the caged thrush, the scent of the unforgotten corpse and hedgerows still haunting with wildness its enslaved voice. No more iron philosophy has been sung in this day than that which some reviewers acclaim as rustic and homely.

Just so men listen delighted to the rustic note of the caged bird, missing its inward tragedy. Or rather, the combination is piquant to them in poet as in bird, and they do not stop to analyse the source of a delight. Mr. Housman is (in no disparaging sense) a monotonous singer, "a poet of one note in all his lays." In all his poems is present the contrast between his happy country youth and the grim realities of his adult city life. This chord is struck in one quiet, pathetic, almost Wordsworthian lyric, entirely representative of this aspect in Mr. Housman:

Into my heart the air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

That is one aspect of Mr. Housman. The other is the philosophy with which he encounters his "lost content." It is a grim and pessimistic philosophy. Your pessimist, according to temperament, either whines or "grins and bears it." On the latter there are variations. Mr. Housman mourns and bears it. Man is thrown together from pre-existent elements, and dislimns like a summer cloud, again to be brought together in fresh combinations. We are swayed by ancestral passions, and our ancestors live in us again. As what has been, so what shall be; and each must take his portion while it lasts—having drunk the little sweet, he must drink also the much sour. And for consolation—a living ass is better than a dead lion. It is a familiar position; the philosophy of Ecclesiastes (as Ecclesiastes is usually read) *plus* the doctrine of heredity. It is made impressive by the downright sincerity of the poet and his power of expression. Expression—that is what it all comes back to. This union of remembered country sights and scents and sounds with most urban pessimistic philosophy, is dignified by virility, and brought home to us through a fulness of feeling which creates art. On the whole, it more creates art than is guided by it. Like all modern poets of the truly direct kind (apart from the eloquent Byronic school, which is not really direct), Mr. Housman is unequal. He is unequal as Wordsworth was unequal, and from the same cause. Where his feeling is not strong enough to inspire him, he lapses into mere rhymed prose. Where his feeling is acute, he pierces to the quick. And he seems quite ignorant when he is inspired or uninspired.

At the same time, as will have been gathered, nothing could be less Wordsworthian than this poet's general style. It seems rather founded on the old ballads. In some of the characteristic pieces quoted by Mr. Archer (who, we need hardly say, is not among the critics to whose rashness we took exception) the effect reminds us of Heine. The verses proceed at a respectable but not striking level,

until in the final stanza some unexpected turn takes us by surprise, and casts a reflex glory on all which has gone before. In this gift or art Mr. Housman seems to us alone among English poets. Such is a poem in which the dead man asks a string of questions about the living, ending with the query whether his friend has found a better bed than his:

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as I would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

It is cynical, poignant, arresting; quite of a piece with Mr. Housman's treatment of love, in which love appears always as a tragic misfortune.

In the other class of poems the pregnant compression is carried right through. One can only say the verse is *quick*—there are no means of describing or conveying it, save itself. Take this as a brief sample:

From far, from eve and morning,
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither; here am I.

Now—for a breath I tarry,
Nor yet disperse apart—
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart?

Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way?

The brevity of life, the piercing compassion for one's fellow-Mayfly, have never been more keenly conveyed. They could only be so put by a very sensitive poet with a vital unbelief in the future life. And the poem contains Mr. Housman's philosophy and attitude towards life in a nutshell. This one insistent note, like the cry of a bittern, sounds loneliness throughout the book. Sometimes he frankly repeats a *motif* in several poems. Thus two successive poems sing the folly of giving "the heart out of the bosom." The second is superfluous, for the first has said the thing once for all, and the repetition is distinctly weaker. More often the iteration is disguised by the varying form of utterance. The haunting cry of fate, heredity, and passing away is presented over and over again with striking skill in variation. There is the wild sadness and mystery of the Celt in this poem:

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger,
When Uricon the city stood:
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare;
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high,
The tree of life was never quiet:
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

That is better than direct, it is subtle, it is suggestive: not idly does the poet claim for himself, in another poem, a strain of Cymric blood. In that other poem (the fine and striking "Welsh Marches") the Celtic note of immemorial regret is heard in such a stanza as this:

The sound of fight is silent long
That began the ancient wrong;
Long the voice of tears is still
That wept of old the endless ill.

That has magic in it.

We like Mr. Housman least in the few poems where he attempts a lilting metre, which he does not seem to us to handle skilfully. But allowing this, allowing a proportion of poems where simplicity becomes insipidity, this is yet the annunciation of a new and valuable voice in present poetry. Sometimes grim, strong, close-knit, commanding attention by its virile pessimism; sometimes haunting and melancholy; sometimes taking us by a piercing and Heinesque surprise at the poem's close; monotonous, but not wearying; grave, sad, sincere, unsuperfluous, with a latter-day simplicity, less simple than it seems; it is individual work, to which the reader will return with deepening interest and admiration. For it is rarely that simplicity is combined (as it is here combined) with the self-consciousness of the modern poet, yet a simplicity without affectation.

The "Biograph" in Literature.

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MR. STEEVENS has seen everything interesting, and to everything interesting, moreover, has brought the same degree of vision. That is his secret. When to this gift you add a power of living words, a deliberate judgment, a quaint turn of humour, a preference for accuracy above Rule Britanniaism, and an invincible trick of avoiding bullets and other calamities, you see that in Mr. Steevens something very like the ideal war correspondent is to be found.

The old war correspondence is changed, giving place to the new, and Mr. Kipling is the author of the change.

First came Mr. Kipling, the artist—creative, imaginative, finding, as he passed among men, none too poor to contribute one thread to his fabric, himself seeing no fighting, but miraculously using the eyes of others until in the completed story the battle is as vivid as if the Biograph exhibited it. Everything is present save noise. Then came Mr. Steevens, the journalist, steadfastly shutting out his creative ability, seeing everything for himself, and passing on his impressions red-hot to his readers. The Biograph again. The main difference between Mr. Kipling's Biograph and Mr. Steevens's is the old difference of coloured and plain. Mr. Kipling is before all things a maker of stories, and when he gives us a battle-piece it is charged with human emotion, it plays its part in some human tragedy, it is coloured. Mr. Steevens eliminates the fable: that which is before him,



MR. G. W. STEEVENS.

(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

and that only, is matter for his brain and pen. More truly than either Dickens or Mr. Kipling, to both of whom the phrase has been applied, is he a "reporter of genius." The English army is fortunate in possessing such officers and men as carved their way to Khartum; equally fortunate is the newspaper reader at home in having Mr. Steevens to see things straight for him and set them down so bitingly.

Some day, perhaps, Mr. Steevens will be able to take his time and work up the story of the conquest of the Soudan into an artistic whole, with a beginning and a middle and an end. Books, of course, should not be made in such haste as the one before us, which is practically a newspaper "bound octavo." (It reached our office on September 30, and contains a reference to the Sirdar leaving Fashoda on September 24.) But even as it stands this collection of re-published special correspondence, written

under all kinds of adverse conditions of haste and discomfort and even danger, contains most admirable work. It is a sketch, a series of impressions, still awaiting the best shape and order, yet it lives as many a completed picture does not live. It is genuine, it has enthusiasm. And often and often Mr. Steevens has been betrayed into a paragraph or a sentence a little outside the correspondent's contract. There are passages in this book that he could not improve upon, that he ought not to touch, if he ever chose to re-write the story of the campaign as a contribution to permanent letters. The campaign is worth it; and if Mr. Steevens would take the thing in hand and lavish himself upon it, he might make a book that would resound for generations. The framework is here: little human touches that have been crowded out would need to be replaced, something more said of Lieut. Grenfell and his charge, and the exchange made of impressionism for composition. That is all.

But some passages Mr. Steevens would not alter. He would retain much of his character-sketch of the Sirdar; this particularly:

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too: neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. . . . You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire: Exhibit No. 1, *hors concours*, the Soudan Machine.

And Mr. Steevens would keep also much of the chapter called "Arms and Men," wherein other officers are portrayed: General Hunter—"In all he is and does he is the true knight-errant—a paladin drifted into his wrong century"; General Gatacre—"As a man he radiates a gentle, serious courtesy"; Lieut.-Col. Macdonald—"He has been known to have fever, but never to be unfit for duty." And he would keep his aphorisms: "The old campaigner starts out with the clothes he stands up in and a tin-opener.

The young campaigner provides the change of linen and tins for the old campaigner to open." "The English gentleman is half barbarian too. That is just the value of him." "The blunders of British cavalry are the fertile seed of British glory." And he would keep his praise of the Egyptian soldiers, and the descriptions of the two battles would need little revision. Especially this, in the story of Omdurman, would he keep:

"Cool as on parade" is an old phrase; Macdonald Bey was very much cooler. Beneath the strong, square-hewn face you could tell that the brain was working as if packed in ice. He sat solid on his horse, and bent his black brows towards the green flag and the Remingtons. Then he turned to a galloper with an order, and cantered easily up to a battalion-commander. Magically the rifles hushed, the stinging powder-smoke whisped away, and the companies were rapidly threading back and forward, round and round,



Mr. W. T. MAUD
(Daily Graphic).

Mr. G. W. STEEVENS
(Daily Mail).

Mr. F. C. SCUDAMORE
(Daily News).

A GROUP OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

in and out, as if it were a figure of a dance. In two minutes the brigade was together again in a new place. The field in front was hastening towards us in a whitey-brown cloud of dervishes. An order. Macdonald's jaws gripped and hardened as the flame spurted out again, and the whitey-brown cloud quivered and stood still. He saw everything; knew what to do; knew how to do it; did it. At the fire he was ever brooding watchfully behind his fringeline; at the cease fire he was instantly in front of it. All saw him, and knew that they were being nursed to triumph.

A man who has eyes for such men as these, and can present them on paper with this force, is an historian of British enterprise abroad for whom Britons at home may well be thankful.

A Great French Writer.

Pages Choisies des Grands Écrivains. Diderot. (Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.)

DIDEROT occupies a very individual position among that band of great French writers who are known as the eighteenth-century *philosophes*. We refuse to dignify them by the English word philosopher, with all the grave claims which it implies. The philosophic student seeking French names to companion those of Locke, Hume, Spinoza, Leibnitz, will hardly turn to D'Alembert, certainly not to Voltaire or Diderot. They were philosophers only in the broad old Greek sense, which embraced every man who speculated on nature or human life. The difference between Diderot and a philosopher (in a strict sense) is the difference between a clever swimmer and a fish. He is more desultory, more frankly careless of system than any of the *philosophes*. And that excellently qualified him to be a *philosophe*. A *philosophe*, which is to say, one who is a writer first and a philosopher afterwards—very much afterwards; a *voltigeur* of speculative materialism, who can reduce the ideas of Hume and Locke to an elegant *causerie* for wits and courtiers, perfume atheism for the drawing-room, and delicately dismiss the *bon Dieu* in the fumes of a dish of chocolate. For a man like Diderot was not merely a distinguished and persuasive writer; he was also a talker, a frequenter of *salons*, welcome in a lady's chamber no less than in the Café Procope. For a social as well as a literary power he was fitted by his very fragmentariness, and what one might call logical superficiality rather than superficial logic. For he has the national gift of acute logic in a high degree. The compelling skill with which his views are presented is worthy of a deeper philosophy.

This desultoriness makes his peculiar position. He touched all things, and yet he has left no great work, unless his leading share in the *Encyclopædia* is to be accounted such. He was the journalist of the group to which he belonged, born in an age when journalism was not. A century later he would have found his trade ready for him. Such an article as that on "Politeness" (quoted in the present volume from the *Encyclopædia*) is like a glorified essay for the modern *Spectator*. Hence, except to students of his philosophy, he loses less than most writers by being read in this form of selections; and even the trend of his philosophy can be pretty accurately conjectured. The book reads like a collection of remarkably various papers by a master of language who is worth listening to on whatever subject he talks about. It is even a gain, in the case of his tales, to get specimens of the best sketches contained in them without their *longeurs* and nastiness. For Diderot the *raconteur*, like Dogberry, if his tediousness were more than it is, could find it in his heart to bestow it all on the reader. He had studied Sterne and Richardson, and studiously acquired their worst excesses. No one who has dragged

through *Jacques le Fataliste* or *La Religieuse* but will be thankful for the small mercy of judicious extract, and still more thankful that another tale is left without extract. *Le Neveu de Rameau* alone, perhaps, suffers; but it is copiously quoted.

One finds here a writer of absolutely naturalistic philosophy, who differs from most eighteenth century naturalistic philosophers in that he is neither hard nor cynical. Cynical he is in passages, but not in texture. Every evil, he says, arises from the fact that we have superinduced on the natural man an artificial man. But Diderot's state of nature is not that of Rousseau; he does not reject society, and cry out for the noble savage. It is in morality that his naturalism finds its field. "Morality," he says,

is an immense tree, the head of which touches the heavens, and its roots penetrate even to hell; where everything is connected, where modesty, decency, politeness, the most trifling virtues (if there be any such) are attached like the leaves to the bough, which one dishonours by despoiling it.

In other words, morality is rooted in the passions of sense, and man is naturally good. We have no concern with his philosophy apart from its literary side; but Diderot's worship of nature not only prompts him to enthusiastic praises of her: it underlies his attitude towards literature, art and all things. If he were one-sided, it was a useful one-sidedness in an artificial age. He overflows with amiability and praise of the natural virtues: but we do not agree with the writer who prefaces this book in admiring the "lyrical" style to which Diderot's enthusiasm often leads him. Like most writers of his age in their lofty or melting moods, he seems to us marred by rhetoric and sentimentality. The eighteenth century was not the time, nor French the language, for lyrical prose—dangerous at all times. His style seems to us finest when he is most free from sentiment. In argument, in exposition, in criticism, his style is masterly, at its best. It appears the outcome of luminous common sense, and is itself the structural embodiment of common sense; perspicuous, lucid, exquisitely choice in language, logically elegant in construction. Common sense is supposed—Diderot allows it—to be our national attribute. But common sense in style is surely the attribute of French prose—it is logic made graceful; and Diderot's prose is to us eminently beautiful in this kind: at its best it is clean of rhetorical turns, and does not rely on epigram. Though he could turn an epigram when he chose, wit is strikingly absent from this style, which needs nothing but its own clear self.

Whatever the theme, he can be arresting. He was a student of science, and threw out remarks adumbrating modern discoveries. His remarks on education are similarly suggestive, we will not say they have been followed. It is this power of throwing out sudden sparks of suggestion which is remarkable in him. His criticism,

like his philosophy, is not systematic—he disliked system, and considered it pernicious. But Diderot emits flashes of criticism in advance of his age, intuitions into literary principles truly philosophic; and these sparkles are given off frequently in the most unlikely places. Some pages on the importance of rhythm in poetry open in the most comfortless fashion, with academic quotations from Horace and very tame French poets; yet they end with a truth not even now recognised in its deep import by critics—that rhythm (*i.e.*, metre) appeals to the soul and comes from the soul, not merely to the ear, that its function is to express emotion. On the other hand, the article on “Genius” quoted from the *Encyclopædia* shows Diderot’s limits. It attempts no system, but is content with description and sentiment. Nay, the description is not of genius, but of *a* genius; and that genius (we think we may safely say) Denis Diderot. The flashes of advanced insight, with a compensating inability to see truth whole and connected; the extreme subjection to the sensibilities, resulting in tendency to be deflected by them from the “direct forthright”—these and other things are true of Diderot, but by no means true of supreme genius. His art-criticism is that of a literary man. Goethe said of the *Essay on Painting* that it was splendid, and more useful to the poet even than to the painter. Exactly. Here and elsewhere Diderot lights on principles which lie at the root of art in general, and make his observations on painting suggestive reading. But he seldom makes a remark of great value to the painter-student. Yet even here his clear commonsense, his resolve to try all things by the standard of nature, leads him sometimes to break through the conventions of his time. On the mechanical chiaroscurists, the ready-made Rembrandts, of his day he observes that “they seem to see everything through a hole.” It might be Ruskin’s saying. His stage-criticism has the same mingling of sagacity, marred by extreme enforcement of the appeal to nature.

One artistic anecdote we cannot resist quoting, for it shows that the art-student is unchangeable as the song of birds and the ways of women. The jury assembled to decide the grand prize in sculpture had made a grossly unfair award to oblige one of their colleagues, who threatened retirement unless the prize were given to his own pupil. The row which resulted in front of the building as the jury emerged is described by Diderot with infinite spirit. Pigalle, the cause of the injustice, turned on one of the crowd, mistaking him for a student, and asked if he pretended to have better acquaintance with sculpture than himself? “I am not acquainted with bas-reliefs,” answered the man, “but I am with *insolents*, and you are one.” The next day the Parisian students took their revenge. They drew up in two long lines outside the school, awaiting the arrival of the masters. They had learned who had voted for justice, and who in favour of the false award. The good men and true were the first

to arrive, and as they passed between the lane of students they were greeted with cheers and flattering utterances. On their heels came Pigalle at the head of the false voters. “Backs!” cried the ringleader; and instantly two long rows of backs were presented to Pigalle. Through these walls of insult all the obnoxious masters had to pass into school.

Finally, there is a good selection of Diderot’s letters; exceedingly interesting reflections of literary-social Paris in the latter eighteenth century. Casually, we get an amusing glimpse of England as it appeared to a French traveller in that day. It is the experience of d’Holbach that Diderot records for the benefit of Mme. Volland, and a doleful experience it is. Everything dissatisfied the Baron: the cold *hauteur* of the aristocracy, the brutal hardness of the lower classes, the formality of our dinners, where people stood—or rather sat—on precedence, and our gloom. Everyone was unsocial, everyone was *triste*. The gardens of the nobility were laid out so that no one might see them. Nay, one wealthy individual had planted a large space with cypresses, and interspersed among the trees busts of philosophers, sepulchral urns, and ancient marbles inscribed *Diis Manibus*. Then comes the crowning wicked stroke at insular ideas of pleasure. “This place,” says Diderot, “which the Baron called a Roman cemetery, the owner called ‘Elysium.’” At their places of amusement there was silence in which you could hear a mouse; while a hundred mute ladies walked solemnly round an orchestra in the middle. It reminded the Baron of the seven processions of the Egyptians round the tomb of Osiris. Lastly, d’Holbach averred that, while the parks were little frequented, there were always crowds among the tombs in Westminster Abbey!

It is amusing satire, at least; and with it we may take leave of these most excellent selections from the fine and attractive work of a great French writer. We know nothing of the kind in English so fully representative of any author equally voluminous.

Song of Mongan.

I HAVE drunk ale from the Country of the Young,
And weep because I know all things now:
I have been a hazel tree, and they hung
The Pilot Star and the Crooked Plough
Among my leaves in times out of mind:
I became a rush that horses tread:
I became a man, a hater of the wind,
Knowing one, out of all things, alone, that his head
Would not lie on the breast, or his lips on the hair,
Of the woman that he loves, until he dies;
Although the rushes and the fowl of the air
Cry of his love with their pitiful cries.

W. B. YEATS in the October “Dome.”

The Newest Fiction.

A Guide for Novel Readers.

THE DAY'S WORK.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

A new collection of short stories, all of which have appeared before. Mr. Kipling, we are sorry to notice, has abandoned, for the time at any rate, his old practice of composing a verse heading for his tales; nor has the book either dedication or *envoi*. (Macmillan. 381 pp. 6s.)

THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

A story of sea and fighting, of course. Here is a passage taken at random: "A boa-constrictor in the rigging, and a lion on the forecastle, and the ship going down! Great heavens! I did earnestly pray that nobody had locked himself away for refuge down below. She heeled suddenly, and sank slowly. . . . The serpent had apparently involved itself in the rigging, and was sucked below by the vessel; anyhow, we saw no more of it. All that survived when the trucks of the doomed ship hovered for an instant on the salt snarl of the sea was, as we expected, the swimming lion." A book to make a man feel himself a boy. (Fisher Unwin. 376 pp. 6s.)

THE IMPEDIMENT.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

"Very well, then, let's make a compact. You can be in love with me as much as you like, and I promise only to like you and to be a good wife. There, will that do?" He stood rigid for one moment. . . . "It will do! it will do!" he murmured breathlessly, covering her fingers with trembling kisses. "You can do with me what you like." And in this way it was that Sir Augustus Alington and Jessie Drummond came to unite their lots." Sir Augustus had his day; the second husband is called David. (Blackwood. 333 pp. 6s.)

THE INTRUDERS.

BY L. B. WALFORD.

In this story, which is full of delicate feeling and observation, we learn how Julian and Amelia Monteagle lived and travelled together as brother and sister. "For years it had been a general remark: 'What will Amelia do when "Ju" marries?'" "Ju's" marriage is the matter of the story. The author's chapter-headings are after these models: "'Julian, you have no invention,'" "Oh, that it had remained Desolate!" "Why should not Bee be the One?" (Longmans. 416 pp. 6s.)

THE CLEVEREST WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

BY L. T. MEADE.

She may have been the cleverest woman in England, this Dagmar Oloffson, but she failed to be a devoted wife and a social reformer at one and the same time. Naturally, her husband, who was no fool, brought things to an issue. Death untied the knot; and we are told that Dagmar is still remembered in London by "courageous women who got their first impetus from her." A strong, actual story, that will please both sides. (Nisbet. 341 pp. 6s.)

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

"Being the story of a man and a mystery." The story begins in Bayswater and passes to Spain. The man is Lorenzo de la Cruz, and the mystery is the extraordinary likeness between himself and his brother. Lorenzo was a Spaniard, a victim to what Mr. Pemberton calls the Napoleonic idea; and the aim of the book is to show what might be achieved by a regiment of determined men so organised that in every country of Europe a refuge from the law and police is open to them. A vivid melodrama. (Pearson. 357 pp. 6s.)

TONY DRUM.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

A story of squalid London life, by the author of *A Street in Suburbia*. "'You'll hit my little brother, will you, an' him a cripple!' she yelled, weeping profusely, as she bumped two sleek black heads together. 'I'll put the ten commandments on every one of your ugly faces, I will, and quicker'n you can think!' 'Honor!' said Tony, levelling an accusing finger at Simmy Angus, 'that boy has got mother's mouth-organ.'" The book has ten coloured plates by the Beggarstaff Brothers. (Heinemann. 220 pp. 6s.)

THE HANDSOME BRANDONS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

In this charming "story for girls" we follow the fortunes of the Brandons, an Irish family of the purest blood, but of slender means. "Why, we girls would have no clothes to wear at all if it were not for the stores laid away in oak-chests and wardrobes upstairs, belonging to dead-and-gone Brandon ladies. Fortunately they made no shoddy in those days, and the things have been safe in their camphor-lined dwellings from the moth and mildew." Of course the girls wed, and the pride of former days is restored to the old home. Sweet and Irish. (Blackie. 384 pp. 6s.)

THE SULTAN'S MANDATE.

BY C. OLYNTHUS GREGORY.

This is a romance of Armenian life and "Armenian Atrocities." The writer hopes it may prove not only an attractive story but "an interesting picture of historical, geographical, social, economical, and political Armenia." This is to hope a good deal. (Fisher Unwin. 442 pp. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE.

BY C. HYNÉ.

Captain Kettle is the best of all the grafts on the Sherlock Holmes tree. He was small and quiet and resourceful, and a perfect shot with a revolver. "I am poisonous when I spread myself," he said once. And again: "I'm a common low-down Englishman, with the pride of the Prince of Wales, and a darned ugly tongue." His adventures, which are not new to readers of *Pearson's Magazine*, comprise running the blockade with guns for Cuba, and encounters with desperadoes, several of which are luridly illustrated. (Pearson. 318 pp. 6s.)

MYSTERIOUS MR. SABIN. BY E. PHILLIPS OFFENHEIM.

A story of political intrigue. "It has been reported," the stranger said, "that you have conceived and brought to great perfection a comprehensive and infallible scheme for the conquest of this country. Further, that you are on the point of handing it over to the Emperor of Germany, for the use of that country. I think I may conclude that the report is correct?" he added, with a glance at the table. "We are not often misinformed." "The report," Mr. Sabin assented, "is perfectly correct." The story is compact of incident and counterplot. (Ward, Lock. 397 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME. BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

This is a reprint of a story which served as *Pears' Annual* a year or so ago, although the publishers omit to mention the fact. It is a kindly, old-fashioned Christmas tale, with comic and sentimental interludes. The narrative is placed into the mouths of various persons: Mrs. Jennifer (a landlady), Lawyer Gabbitas, Mrs. Orraben (a strolling player), and so on. Some excellent drawings by Mr. Charles Green add charm to the book. (Chatto & Windus. 146 pp.)

POTSHERDS. BY MABEL C. BIRCHENOUGH.

A story of life in the Staffordshire potteries, with plentitude of local colour and local character. The hero is a pottery owner who has risen from the status of a working lad. He loves one woman, and is loved by another. Among exciting incidents of the story there is a big machinery accident. And there is dialect: "'Mester,' said the wavering voice, with a slightly staccato dignity, 'tha'rt a domned godless mon. But a've found peace, ahm a Salvationist, a' were converted las' month, and a'll do th' Lord's errand if a' clem for it; nay, if a' swing for 't.'" (Cassell. 296 pp. 6s.)

OWD BOB. BY ALFRED OLLIVANT.

More Scotch. Owd Bob was a dog: "Sma' yet big, leet to get aboot on backs o' his sheep, yet not owre leet, cannie yet cantie; an' wi' them sorrerful eyes on him as never gangs but wi' a good 'un." The story is of Owd Bob's prowess both as sheep dog and fighter, and it would have delighted Dr. John Brown, for its dog nature. (Methuen. 320 pp. 6s.)

THE ISLAND OF THE ENGLISH. BY FRANK COWPER.

A rattling story of old seafaring and naval days. The hero recollects George III. bathing at Weymouth from "one of those newly invented wooden houses on wheels." The civic authorities introduced a band of musicians into another bathing machine, and as the door of the royal bathing machine was opened "God save the King" was struck up, "causing His Majesty to pause and exclaim, 'What! what! Music! Where is it? Bless me, how odd!' But a wave breaking in over the sand at this moment rudely interrupted any further royal remarks, which ended in an abrupt and confused splutter." (Seeley. 357 pp. 6s.)

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

BY R. D. CHETWODE.

"My mother died soon after I was born, and when my father fell fighting in Normandy, Henry, the first king of that name, gave us in wardship to Earl Alberic of Wodelrig." Such is the narrator. And the narrative is of the time of King Stephen and begins in the year 1139, which is a somewhat new date for the historical romancers. At the end Stephen died, as the history books tell, and Henry of Anjou came to the throne. (Pearson. 293 pp. 6s.)

FITCH AND HIS FORTUNES. BY GEORGE DICK.

An Anglo-Indian novel, long, full of detail and odd bits of character, mystery, romance, and real interest. East and West meet quite naturally in its pages: Tuljagir the Tarvel and Mr. Epping. Mr. Epping, by the way, once had to read from *Alice Through the Looking-glass* at a meeting, and before he could find *Alice*, took out of his pockets a missal in Latin, an old worm-eaten copy of the *Pensées*, and a large piece of chocolate. (Elliot Stock. 320 pp. 6s.)

FORTUNE'S SPORT. BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A conventional, fully-packed story of mystery, by the author of *The Barn Stormers*. Lady d'Esterre, Lady Harriet, Steele Burgoyne ("Such men as Steele Burgoyne are dangerous playthings"), Michael Barr, Jack Thorold (invalided home from fighting the Afridis), Lesley d'Esterre—these are some of the names. (Pearson. 429 pp. 6s.)

Reviews.

The Californians. By Gertrude Atherton. (Lane.)

It is always with a flash of surprise that, on laying down a novel by Mrs. Atherton, we realise how good it has been. She really has all the faults. Her philosophical and critical jargon is hopelessly out of place, and her chorus of girls, with their frocks and their eyes, are quite as vulgar as she intends. And she has never learnt how to write. "Style," she says, with unconscious irony, "style alone will give you a place in letters worth having." But style is a land unknown to Mrs. Atherton. It is not for want of trying. She "word-paints" conscientiously and strenuously; and she clangs on every critical nerve. Consider this:

Once she rode to the foot-hills, escorted by Dick. They were covered with yellow and purple lupins, miniature jungles which harboured nothing more sanguinary than the gopher and the cotton-tail. The tawny poppies had hills all to themselves, a blaze of colour as fiery as the sun to which they lifted their curved drowsy lips. The Mariposa lilies grew by the creeks, in the dark shade of meeting willows. The gold-green moss was like plush on the trees. From

the hills the great valley looked like a dense forest out of which lifted the tower of an enchanted castle. Not another signal of man was to be seen, nothing but the excrecence on the big wedding-cake house of a Bonanza king. Beyond the hills rose the slopes of the mountains, with their mighty redwoods, their dark untrodden aisles, their vast primeval silences.

How it jars! The ugliness of that "plush upon the trees," the grotesque discord of that confectionery simile! Nor has Mrs. Atherton any more notion of structure than of ornament in fiction. She has that terrible habit of beginning at the beginning. The substance of *The Californians*, for instance, consists in the varying relations of one man with two girls, friends. He falls in and out of love with each of them in turn, and there is a good deal of play of temperament upon temperament, a good deal of emotional crisis in the process. This is all well enough. But to get to this you have to work through a hundred pages of local colour; and, if you please, a biography from childhood of the two young ladies in question, all because Mrs. Atherton does not know how to set the puppets working without it. It was just the same in *Patience Sparhawk*; it was just the same in *American Wives and English Husbands*. Tolerable the first time, the device becomes irritating by repetition.

And yet, when all is said and done, Mrs. Atherton's are good novels. You "pish" and "pshaw" for a while, and then you feel that she is getting a hold on you. Her people are vigorously conceived, and, what is more, they are interesting, and they grow, develop under circumstances. Furthermore, she has an undeniable power of creating strong situations. Here is an example. Helena has taken Magdaléna's lover from her, and after a short engagement throws him over. She comes to tell Magdaléna that she has found him to be a man with an impure past. Magdaléna knew this; the knowledge, the woman's desire to save, had been an element in her love for him. Her nerves are over-wrought to the point of trying to kill her friend.

Helena paused abruptly and caught her breath. She had felt Magdaléna extend her arm and stealthily open a drawer in the bureau beside her chair. There was nothing remarkable in the fact, for in that drawer Magdaléna kept her handkerchiefs. Nevertheless, Helena shook with the palsy of terror; the cold sweat burst from her body. In the intense darkness she could see nothing, only a vague patch where the face of Magdaléna was. The silence was so strained that surely a shriek must come tearing across it. The shriek came from her own throat. She leaped to her feet like a panther, reached the door in a bound, fled down the hall and the stair, her eyes glancing wildly over her shoulder, and so out to her horse. It is many years since that night, but there are silent moments when that ride through the woods flashes down her memory and chills her skin—that mad flight from an unimaginable horror, through the black woods on a terrified horse, the shadow of

her fear racing just behind with outstretched arms and clutching fingers.

Helena's sudden flight left Magdaléna staring through the dark at the Spanish dagger in her hand. Her arm was raised, her wrist curved; the dagger pointed toward the space which Helena had filled a moment ago.

"I intended to kill her," she said aloud, "I intended to kill her."

This—and this is only one of two or three equally strong scenes in *The Californians*—strikes us as really dramatic. With a writer of less true instinct it would have been melodramatic. But Mrs. Atherton knows Magdaléna. The Spanish blood in her, the starved life she led outside her love for the sinner, make her and her act plausible. Throughout she is a patient and powerful bit of work.

The Duenna of a Genius. By M. E. Francis.

(Harper & Brothers.)

MRS. BLUNDELL (M. E. Francis) would have us understand, from the dedication of this book to M. Paderewski, that it is a musical novel. "I might say that music itself is my theme, and that my characters are moulded by it, and my incidents developed from it as so many variations." She further insists on the idea by means of her chapter-headings, which are all in the Italian language.

For ourselves, though we grant that the story is pleasing enough in a highly conventional way, we do not perceive that music itself is the theme of this book. The heroine plays the piano very well; the heroine's sister is a violinist of genius, and marries ultimately a pianist of genius the hero takes singing lessons. But the musical side of these persons is not closely examined; it is the emotions which they share with humanity at large that chiefly interest Mrs. Blundell. Nor are the author's scattered references to "music itself" of an esoteric nature:

What passion! What fire! While she played she seemed to forget everybody and everything except her art; her face was transfigured, her eyes dilated. She played a *Légende* of Wieniauski's with exquisite charm and grace. Never had he heard her play so well—with such vigour and *aplomb*, and at the same time with so much grace and feeling . . . played with wonderful tenderness and expression.

One seems to have come across similar appreciations not only in novels not musical, but in the columns of daily papers. Apart from its musical qualities, *The Duenna of a Genius* is a very good example of domestic fiction of the serial species. The hero, a rich aristocrat, woos the elder sister of the impecunious violinist genius, and is refused because the object of his affections conceives it to be her Duty not to desert the genius. Then the wild wayward violinist finds her fate in the pianist Waldenek, and the rich aristocrat appeals once more to the "duenna," this time effectually. A singularly hackneyed plot, worked out with much skill and tact in the contrivance of incident.

“&c.”

MR. WALTER ARMSTRONG'S book on *Gainsborough and His Place in English Art* will not be his first utterance on the subject, for did he not make the painter the theme of a "Portfolio" monograph not so very long ago? Gainsborough has never been lacking in biographers and exponents. Besides the century-old memoir by Thicknesse, there are the successive accounts of him by Fulcher, Arnold, and Mrs. Arthur Bell. The appreciation by the last-named is only a few months old. There is, indeed, a sort of "run" just now upon our English painters. Here comes Mr. J. T. Nettleship with a substantial work on *George Morland, and His Influence on Some Contemporary English Painters*. Last year Mr. Ralph Richardson devoted a volume to Morland's pictures, and some little time before that he published a memoir of the artist, who had already been honoured with four biographers—Blagdon, Collins, Dawe, and Hassell, to wit. In these matters it never rains but it pours.

THE announcement that Mr. Frank Harris is to reprint his *Saturday* papers about the Bard under the title of *The Man William Shakespeare* reminds me that something very like this—I think it was "The Man Shakespeare"—was the name given to a lecture which Mr. Gerald Massey (if I mistake not) was wont to deliver. The truth is, of course, that the attempts to get at the personality of the poet through the medium of his works have been legion. More than thirty years ago, for example, the late J. A. Heraud brought out a book on *Shakespeare: His Inner Life*. Shakespeare may have "walked on earth unguessed at," as Mr. Matthew Arnold phrased it; but he has been "guessed at," heaven knows, often enough since then.

AMERICAN writers ought not to complain (if they do complain) that they do not get a fair hearing over here. It is quite the other way. Take the instance of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie. That gentleman's *Essays in Literary Interpretation* have, I believe, been twice issued in England; and, some four or five years ago, we English were introduced to two books of his called *My Study Fire* and *Under the Trees and Elsewhere*. A year or two back he figured here as the "introducer" of a *Book of Old English Ballads*. Now an English firm promises us his views on *Nature and Culture* and *Books and Culture*. At this rate, Mr. Mabie should become familiar to our public—which is not yet, I fear, the case.

WE shall all be glad to have from Mr. Thomas Hardy the promised volume of his poems. But, meanwhile, he is not altogether unknown to the world as a worker in rhythm and rhyme. He introduced into his short story of *The Three Strangers* a hangman's ditty which, one

remembers, was sung with weird effect at Terry's Theatre when a dramatic version of the story was enacted there:

Oh my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all,
My trade it is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft them to a far countree.

ANOTHER illustrated edition of *Cranford*! Why, there was one only the other day, with drawings by Mr. H. M. Brock; a little before that came one with pictures by Mr. T. H. Robinson; six or seven years ago there was one "embellished" by Mr. Hugh Thomson, who is to supply the drawings for the latest issue. No one would wish to depreciate *Cranford*; but are not our publishers a little too fond of confining their attentions to a few familiar classics, to the exclusion of many which call aloud for notice? Some day some of us will get tired of *Cranford*.

THAT Dr. Garnett should "introduce" the forthcoming reprint of *Original Poems by Victor and Cazire* is only right and proper, seeing that he wrote about Shelley's relations with Stockdale, the Pall Mall publisher, so long ago as 1860. The subject may be said to be his by right of capture. Why not now reprint Shelley's prose juvenilia—the stories of *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvyne*? They have considerable interest for Shelley students—quite as much as, if not more than, the *Original Poems*.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER'S *German Love: Fragments from the Papers of an Alien*, will have place, of course, in the uniform edition of his writings now being published. It dates back, apparently, some forty years; the original German version—*Deutsche Liebe*—seeing the light in 1857. Twenty years later we had the book in English, and there were reprints of it here in 1884 and 1887.

WE are to have, it seems, a full-blown biography of Edward Thring from the pen of Mr. G. R. Parkin. Well, Thring was a typical schoolmaster, and deserves such celebration. Some nine years ago Mr. Rawnsley discussed him as "teacher and poet," and Mr. Skrine favoured us with "a memory"; Mr. Parkin, of course, will supply something much more elaborate.

EDNA LYALL has hit upon a good title for her new story—*Hope the Hermit*. Somehow it makes one think at once of *The Pleasures of Hope*, with its "Man, the Hermit, sigh'd, till Woman smil'd." Another title which much delights me is that of Miss Hay's coming work—*Some Verses*. If all our minor bards were but as modest!

GRANGERISING is not the hobby it was, but grangerising on the higher scale of art and expense still pays. A London second-hand bookseller has a magnificent grangerised copy of Horace Walpole's *Letters*, for which he is confidently asking £500.

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Academy Portraits.

XXXVIII.—John Ruskin.

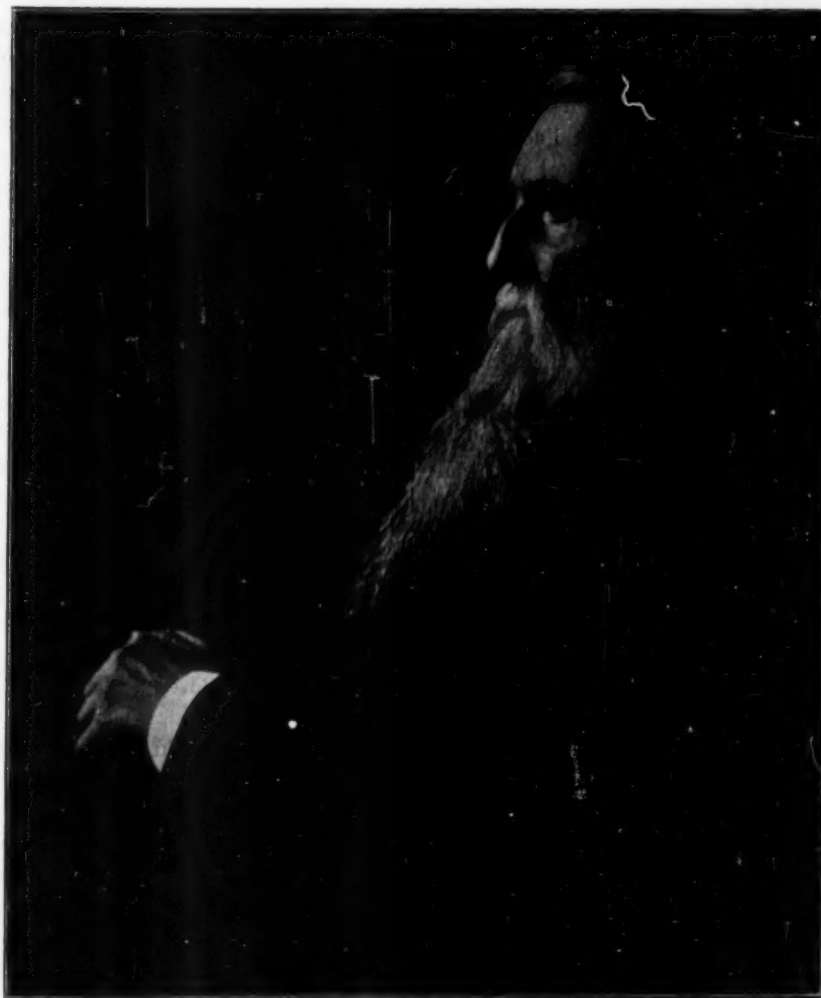
As a publicly acknowledged teacher, Mr. Ruskin was, and is not, and apparently shall be again. For it is said that among the rising generation of art students his name is great. The sale of his books has never ceased, and with the continually extending circle of his readers his time is bound to come again. Ruskin, for most people, means *Modern Painters*. When Ruskin is praised, or Ruskin's style, it is the Ruskin of those first volumes to whom men turn as typical. Yet if there be but one Ruskin, he has more than one style, and more than one style which is worth considering. We say advisedly "worth considering." For while it is understood that there is a later Ruskin with a different style, it is usually supposed that the later deteriorated from the earlier, partly in substance, but still more in style. Against this idea it is full time to enter a protest.

There are, it may almost be said, three styles in Ruskin. The first and most popular is that of *Modern Painters*. There is his later and mature style; and Mr. Ruskin himself would distinguish a third, which he calls his last manner, and which consists in writing just as the fit comes to him. It may be admitted, in effect, that there is the hasty Ruskin of *Fors Clavigera* and the letters to newspapers, as distinguished from the Ruskin of the lectures; but for our purpose the division we have made is sufficient.

Everyone knows the Ruskin of the early volumes: it is the Ruskin that men love—and women; the style which secured him celebrity, and still makes *Modern Painters* the best read of his books. It is a style of full and copious eloquence, based on the great seventeenth century writers, the masters of rhythmic prose. The sentences are stately and involved, holding in suspension a multitude of clauses, and are sometimes of a length at which Mr. Ruskin himself, in later days, held up hands of playful protest. What he had to say was said with abounding words, with small attempt at succinctness. But what doubtless contributed, and

contributes, to secure its paramount popularity was the numerous descriptions of nature in which it abounds, offering full scope for his fancy, his imagination, and his brilliant redundancy of diction. These were things which could be followed and enjoyed by any fairly cultivated reader. They appealed also, and still appeal, to women—no bad barometer of popular taste. In the *Frondees Agrestes* (a collection made by a woman) passages of sentiment and natural description largely predominate—as Mr. Ruskin himself gently deprecates in the preface to that selection from *Modern Painters*. This, we suspect, rather than any abstract preferences as to style, or for his earlier art-views rather than his later, explains the greater vogue of the early book. It seems useless to quote specimens from a work so well known. All have seen, for example, at least in quotation, the splendid passage on cloud. But we have the sweep, exuberance, and splendour in this example:

Green field, and glowing rock, and glancing stream-let, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade; and with everlasting roar in the twilight the stronger currents thunder



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF JOHN RUSKIN.

[F. Hollyer, Photographer.]

down, pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise.

As the power of this is obvious — its command of pictorial phrase, such as the lovely "enchanted cold," its ardour and swell of sound—so also are the defects to which it is exposed, and which Mr. Ruskin does not always escape. Sometimes he is betrayed into a touch of slightly obvious sentiment, of somewhat weak fancy—as when he speaks of foam "like the veil of some sea spirit." It is the defect and the strength of youth.

Mr. Ruskin's less regarded later style, if without the redundant splendour, is to our thinking more exquisite, as it is certainly more mature. It appeals, one can understand, less to the many. The flash and spray of many-tinted language he forsakes. But there is a quieter, closer, more intimate beauty of diction, a research of simplicity and directness. Not that he confines himself to Anglo-Saxon; he will use such a word as "accipitrine" unhesitatingly, when it is in the right place. The simplicity is in the fewness of words, as compared with the early copiousness, the endeavour after conciseness and pregnancy, the closeness between word and idea. The sentence-structure correspondingly alters; the torrentuous sentence disappears, with its multitudinous members, and instead we have sentences mostly short, direct, of limpid flow. Yet when he uses a longer sentence, nothing can exceed its skill; the charm of the diction, the sweet grace of movement, the lovely shepherding of ordered clauses. Take this quite average example—there are many much finer:

As this ghastly phantasy of death is to the mighty clouds of which it is written, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels," are the fates to which your passion may condemn you—or your resolution raise. You may drift with the phrenzy of the whirlwind—or be fastened for your part in the pacified effulgence of the sky. Will you not let your lives be lifted up, in fruitful rain for the earth, in scatheless snow to the sunshine—so blessing the years to come, when the surest knowledge of England shall be of the will of her Heavenly Father, and the purest heart of England be the inheritance of her simplest children?

The difference between the tranquil, pellucid beauty of this and the tumult of our previously quoted passage must be evident at once. But another charm in the later Ruskin is the greater variety of range and mood. There are passages in which he displays a delightful playfulness; others, again, of an exquisite Socratic irony. Indeed, Plato seems to us largely to have influenced the style of his lectures. A quite Greek mingling of elegance, simplicity, austerity and winning grace, presides over many a page of these Oxford or other addresses. Often they give the best English idea we know of a page from Plato.

When all these qualities are made the medium of high thinking, fine and saddened feeling, noble exhortation, rare, if rather capricious taste, and wide knowledge, the result is work captivating and authoritative for all time. Wise, inconsistent, polished, spontaneous, freakish, exasperating, irresistible, Ruskin is a treasure for the man of understanding—and perdition for the fool. He should be in all hands, except those that would burn their fingers with him. For Ruskin is decidedly of private interpretation, and they who follow him blindly will fall into the pit.

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But there is another explanation—the true one, past a doubt. It is, that Hamlet was really bitter against Ophelia, that his cutting gibes were meant in most profound verity. Consider the situation. He had loved her, and made love to her, by word and by letter. She had admitted his vows, encouraged his letters—at least by the tacit encouragement of not discouraging them. He had every reason to conceive that she smiled on his suit, and loved him in return. Suddenly, without a word of explanation, she denies him her presence, rejects his letters. What could he think? The audience know that she is acting on her father's bidding, and against her heart. But Hamlet knows it not. What *could* he think, but that he had been jilted by an inconstant girl, who was not what she seemed; that he had been deceived by a being he had deemed all innocence and truth? Like many a man, he becomes disillusionised, rails against her and all the sex. At the same time he learns of his father's murder, and the two things together increase his native misanthropy, his feeling that the world is out of joint. He has resolved to feign madness; and his real grief and bitterness present him

with an excellent pretext to which he can ascribe it. Accordingly he does so, all the more readily that it allows him to give vent to his soreness against the sex and against her in winged words, which otherwise would not be tolerated in him. There is no heartlessness here, for he believes her to deserve it all.

Study, in this light, his famous interview with Ophelia, when the king and her father conceal themselves to listen. You will see that he begins quite naturally, in the tone of an aggrieved and wronged lover. "I did love you once." He follows it with bitter cynicism, the fruit of destroyed faith, affecting to include himself in his sarcasms on mankind's inconstancy, which are really inspired by her supposed fickleness. Then he discovers her father's lurking presence. He questions her; she denies it. Her father is at home. Worse and worse! She has not only jilted him, she has plotted with her father to betray him, and has lied to him. He at once reassumes his madness, with an added extravagance caused by his pierced heart, and pours out wild invective on her sex—through which you can see the pangs of his wounded soul. Follow this clue through the play, and you will see that it is *right*, that it is indeed the key.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb."

An Experiment in Parody.

I.

PARODY as a rule, it has been objected, does not go far enough. Having caught something of the victim's style, and perverted a few of his sentiments, it is satisfied. In the trifles that will form this series, by making all the writers start from precisely the same point an attempt has been made to catch also the individual outlook.

The supposition is that to each of the authors concerned the simple statement, "Mary had a little lamb," has been offered for characteristic treatment. To one it suggests one thing, to another another.

M. Maeterlinck, it seems, heard the words indistinctly, and turned them at once into the title of a play, from which we are enabled to quote, in translation, a scene here and there:

MARIAD ET LYTTTELAMME.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

LYTTTELAMME.

MARIAD.

MISSISPATTE.

MIGRAINE (*Missispatte's great-grandmother*).

THE SECOND BLIND POLICEMAN.

A SNOW SHOVELLER.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A ruined castle.*

LYTTTELAMME.

Why do you not send the child away, Mariad?

MARIAD.

No, no, Lyttelamme, let her stay.

LYTTTELAMME.

But she will hear me make love. I do not like children to hear me make love, Mariad. Why do you not send her away?

MARIAD.

No, no, Lyttelamme. She is so small . . . her hands are like little white birds. Let her stay.

MISSISPATTE.

O, the beautiful apples, so green, so green! They are like mermaid's eyes, they are so green. And hard! I did not know that anything could be so hard. O, they are as hard as . . . hearts.

MIGRAINE.

Do not eat them, Missispatte. They will give you a pain. You do not know what pain they will give you.

MARIAD.

No, little one, do not eat them. I ate them once. . . . Do you remember, Lyttelamme, I was so ill, so ill . . .

LYTTTELAMME.

Yes, and the doctor came on his great white horse—white as a beautiful white bird. I did not know that a horse could be so white.

MISSISPATTE.

But they are so green and hard. I must eat one.

MIGRAINE.

Take care! take care!

MISSISPATTE.

Ah! I have eaten one. I did not mean to eat it. But suddenly . . . before I could think . . . I had swallowed it.

LYTTTELAMME.

This is terrible. I knew that something would happen.

ACT III.

SCENE 14.—*A dark wood.*

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-h! I am not—

MARIAD.

Hush!

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-h! I am not—

LYTTTELAMME.

Hush!

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-h! I am not—

MIGRAINE.

Hush! I know what you would say. I have heard it before. You have said nothing else ever since that night in the castle. You should not have eaten that apple.

THE SECOND BLIND POLICEMAN.

We have heard it before.

THE SNOW SHOVELLER.

We have heard it before.

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-o-h! I am not—

ALL.

Hush! hush!

ACT V.

SCENE 7.—*A bedroom in the turret.*

MISSISPATTE.

Hark! what was that?

MIGRAINE.

Only the snow-shoveller, shovelling the snow.

MISSISPATTE.

Ah! how he scrapes: it is terrible. The beautiful white snow, to be shovelled and shovelled! Soon he will come for money. It is terrible. Hark! what was that?

MIGRAINE.

Only the blind policeman on his beat.

MISSISPATTE.

But it was the sound of wheels.

MIGRAINE.

Of wheels?

MISSISPATTE.

Yes, of wheels.

MIGRAINE.

I heard no wheels.

MISSISPATTE.

Yes, it was the sound of wheels. Now there are quick steps . . . they are coming nearer . . . nearer . . . Ah, is it . . .? is it . . .?

MIGRAINE.

It is the doctor! You should not have eaten that apple.

MISSISPATTE.

The doctor! O-o-o-o-o-h! I am not—

MIGRAINE.

Hush! You will be happy soon.

Things Seen.

Intention.

SUDDENLY a bell clanged over the sleepy village. The stout man, in shepherd's-plaid trousers, who was serving me with groceries gasped: then he lifted himself, hastily, heavily, over the counter and, snatching a fireman's helmet and belt from a peg, made off. Women in white aprons appeared at the doors of cottages, children raced up the street; their fathers followed, transforming themselves into firemen as they ran. The engine was dragged from a dim shed of the inn-yard, two omnibus horses were chivied from the stables, the brigade, one of them smoking a pipe, clambered to their seats, the driver of the railway 'bus seized the reins, a whip cracked, and the errand of salvage and mercy was begun.

Ponderously the procession rumbled countrywards. I followed on a bicycle. When we reached the brow of the hill there was the hayrick blazing in the valley. The firemen, who had been trying on each other's helmets, cheered. We turned into a side road, then into a carter's track, and finally trundled across a ploughed field. The crackling reached our ears, the smoke blew in our faces.

Men and boys who had run from the village across the fields stood around the fire. The men leapt from the engine; the hose was unfastened; the suction pipe was plunged into a ditch; flushed yokels seized the pumping-rods; the fireman in shepherd's-plaid trousers thrust the nose of the hose almost into the flames. Foot by foot the hose bulged itself out, more, more, till a thin stream of yellow water spat at the flames. For some seconds it went bravely, then the stream drooped and died. The 'bus-driver stared disconsolately into the dry ditch. "There's no more water nearer than a mile," said a man on a horse. One of the firemen began to eat a bun, another picked flowers.

"What will happen now?" said I to the man on the horse.

"Burn itself out," said he.

"And what would have happened if these brave fellows hadn't been so prompt to answer the fire bell—if they hadn't come at all?"

"Fire would have burnt itself out," said he.

As I turned to go the farmer who owned the hayrick drove up in a dog-cart with a pail between his knees.

Accident.

"You'll catch it if you're quick!" said the porter.

At which I smiled, and descended the stairs leisurely, the sulphur meeting me. As I stepped upon the platform the train was moving. I stood under a lamp, smiling again to think that I never hurried. The train slowed up. A voice at the end of the platform shouted. The train stopped. A carriage door opened, then another, and a third. Heads looked out. Some of the passengers leant forward peering anxiously up and down the platform, others alighted. I stood still under the lamp; the sensation of calamity grew. A porter came out of the fog, and ran past me, head down, to the end of the platform. People followed him—more, more—where they came from I knew not, for the platform was deserted a moment before! I stood still. I avoid looking on horrid things. I stood still, between the hurrying sight-seers, like an eyot on the Thames. Two of them, a woman and a little fat man with a double chin, came running back. The man staggered and fell fainting at my feet.

"He shouldn't 'ave looked," said the woman angrily to me.

"He shouldn't have looked," I echoed, helping her to raise him.

A girl, in tears, caught my arm: "How shall I get to Hammersmith if this train doesn't go on!"

"The train can't move," the bookstall boy said, in an awful undertone, "he's jammed between the footboard and the platform."

I stood still. Presently the guard shouted across the line: "Jim, d'you hear? Just bring over your saw."

Crosses!

He was a magnificent man. Like a peacock in a farmyard he moved among the other waiters. Round his neck hung an ornate chain supporting a fat badge which dangled on his ample breast. The letter "W" was engraved thereon. It signified "Wine." He was the Wine Waiter of the hotel—the imperious, detached, unbending Wine Waiter. When my turn came, when he stood before my table, I lost my head, and ordered something with a silly name and very costly. But it pleased him, for when my fellow-diners had gone he stood by my table again, like one who, toil being over, would talk. The wine had given me courage. I spoke of the phenomenal weather, then of my fellow-guests. "Who was the man sitting alone at the big table?" I asked; "the man who looked as if his food didn't nourish him?" The Wine Waiter shook his majestic head mournfully. "Millionaire—dyspeptic. He has the best *chef* in London—the finest wines in the world, but a hopeless dyspeptic. Can't eat! Can't drink! Ah, ah, sir," and for the first time there was a note of real sincerity in his voice, "we all have our crosses!" I acquiesced, and retired early to bed. At six I arose, intent on a swim in the sea. As the front door was locked, I went through the kitchen offices, and, in a shed, saw a man clad in a rough, green-baize, all-over apron, cleaning boots. It was the Wine Waiter. He coloured and hid his face behind a Wellington boot. I, too, averted my head, and tugged at the bolt of the garden gate. "Yes, yes," I thought, as the door swung back on its hinges, "we all have our crosses."

Magnanimity!

As the carrier had given me a lift in his primitive cart, I made myself agreeable and showed an interest in the country through which we jolted. "Now, that's a fine house," said I. "Who lives there?" "Mr. Weevil," he replied, "Roman Catholic gentleman—very rich gentleman. He built the big church over there on the hill, but they only keep two priests." "Have you many Roman Catholics in this part of the country?" said I. The little carrier shook his head and cocked his hat at a woman whose face peeped from a cottage window: "Thirty, perhaps forty!" He paused to flick a fly off the pony's ear, and missed it by a foot. "Thirty, perhaps forty," he repeated. Suddenly he lifted his wizened face to mine—"Lor' bless you, sir, they're no worse than we are."

The Honours of Death.

By Georges D'Esparbes.

"WHAT is it they're saying—that you're off to the wars?"

"No, Fogère. I'm going out for a drive in my cart."

"And the cart—the cabriolet—where does it come from? I'm only acquainted with your *solé*."

"It's the Marchioness herself who has done me the honour, along with the pretty 'millefleurs' horse with a touch of flame at the tip of its nose. She is wild about the boulevards, and must throw me a 'How d'y do?' there every afternoon."

"Then the glory of war——"

The Viscount rose.

"You plague me with your chatter. What's the war to me? Hold! Have a look at this medallion."

"Whose?"

"Oh, a trinket."

His friend lent over. The Viscount of Avisseau showed the portrait.

"'Tis a sweetmeat," said M. de Fogère.

They drove off in the cabriolet.

The little Viscount of Avisseau was twenty-three; he had six mistresses, whom he publicly saluted according to the fashion—without reserve. On that day every kind of vehicle of the boulevard stopped him—chaise, lounge, vis-à-vis, sabot, monkey-bottomed Berlin, dray—and charming heads were thrust forth.

"Well, and this rumour? So you are off?"

"Come to my *levée* and I'll recommend you to our good Soubise. Poor old fellow!"

"On the warpath?"

A thousand smiles, a thousand airy farewells flew round about his pretty horse.

"Good Lord! What bravery!"

"And where are they sending you?"

"I correspond with Marshal d'Estrées. I pray you make use of me."

"We hear sad news——"

"You will come back to us colonel?"

"My love!"

The worried Viscount drove on ahead, but the loungers seized hold of him. Cavaliers and soldiers, priests and lawyers, several women on foot, simpering creatures, and even a little burgess, who called him her giant.

"You mustn't join your company before coming once more to the Maillard Coffee-house."

She flung him her address.

"But what's the matter with them all that they long to see me off to the wars, grimy and worn-out? At least, if I had been to the school of the Light-Horse——"

"You haven't asked for anything?" queried de Fogère.

"Don't bother me," shouted the Viscount. "I have

asked for nothing but peace. They want me to fight. Well, I shan't leave the Marchioness."

At that very moment she passed. "No, my dear trouble, don't forsake me," said the tip of her nose. "Leave that dreadful cabriolet and end your promenade at my side."

The door on the right opened. A puff of powder was exhaled from within. All was perfume. The lover sprang up—and it was not a woman who received him; it was a laugh, a ruffle of drapery.

"What is it they're saying—that you're off?"

"Who told you so?"

"The Duke of Cossé, who rode last Sunday to the chase in the King's carriage. Giddy pate, but it is a wonder. Have you thought of your equipment?"

"I'm not going," cried the Viscount. "Who told you I was?"

She burst out laughing.

"The cream of Saxony! Oh, he has a will of his own. I am dying of the very fun of it. And the lustre of your house, have you forgotten that? But it is settled. You go because I wish it."

"Leave you like that! Never."

The Marchioness rubbed his ear.

"Adorable! While you are fighting I'll go and look at my meadows. Thus we shall both be making our campaign. Not another word."

"But I am not going. I will not go! What have I to do with all those madmen? I no longer know how to ride. I can't sit on horseback. I have palpitations, and at the theatre I worry the players with my cough. A fine soldier who must be coddled, followed by a boxful of lozenges, of woollen garments, of soft linen! You are fit to be painted. Where have you come from, divine creature, with such ideas?"

"I come from the King's Confessor ——"

"Father Desmanot?"

"—Who, on my advice, has obtained for you a lieutenancy in the regiment of Aquitaine Infantry. You will find it, my little lap-dog, when you go home. Now kiss this hollow close to my mouth—not there, but here. What are you doing?"

"I run off to tear up that brevet. You must have lovers that you hide from me."

A laugh. A flick of whip!

It ——

And the carriage rolled away.

Nevertheless he had to go. When a woman offers you a dimple to kiss, when she retreats, returns, teases, and threatens at the same moment, gives her lips, flicks her thumb if you but advance too near, and when you are mad enough about her to bite her little handkerchief, then there is nothing but to obey, and d'Avisseau gave in. Cut in two with sighs, he wrote to all his old mistresses, went to see the minister at Versailles, took note of the

date, sold off some property, bought his equipages—two carriages — filled them, and on the morning of his departure had his hair dressed in brigadier style. He made a very pretty soldier. The Marchioness gave him a sword like a walking-stick, with her medallion in the pommel, framed in emeralds and saddened with the legend, *Souviens-vous*. Then the Boulevard shouted with laughter.

"Poor Viscount!"

"And the Marchioness?"

"She is off to join Cossé, with whom she is enraptured."

D'Avisseau said good-bye and went away, preceded by a reputation fit to hang him, by scandalous tales that flew round his baggage, and, before his arrival, filled the tents of his company.

When he appeared, small, pretty, surprised, charged with sweetmeats, covered with powder, and all ashiver in laces, the regiment joked and jested. He had all the manners of the supper-table; bit his lips and pinched his ears to make them rosy. He was haughty, had a way of speaking through his nose, of puffing out his words, of muttering through his teeth, that caused roars of laughter, and astounded the veterans (those of Louis XIV.), making them shrug their broad shoulders. When he mounted he fell off, so then they gave him a broken-down twenty-year-old beast accustomed to women. Even then he only kept on uneasily. They shuddered.

The army was then in full march, counter-march, outpost hostilities, skirmishes. M. d'Avisseau was quickly recognised; he entered among his company as into a drawing-room, with handkerchief daintily caught between fingers, and divined that he was ridiculous. His light heart felt the pain of it; but, proud, he said nothing.

His captains looked down upon him, his colonel ignored him. One of his servants having shown his sword, the medallion was examined, and the regiment said:

"Look at the child's plaything."

It was handed round, each one taking it gingerly at the point like a needle. A cadet read the legend, and made a song of it. That evening it was shouted abroad. The lieutenant, who heard it, took up his sword, mounted a waggon, which he trimmed with cushions, and went off to the Marshal.

"My lord," he said, "I don't know what is going on in the regiment, but I am treated as an interloper. Am I in anybody's way?"

"You are in nobody's way, M. d'Avisseau. And since it pleases you to know the reason of a—merited disgrace, let me tell you that you offend against military feeling. You bring to the regiment all that I pride myself on warning it against: the taste for comfort and drawing-room futilities. What disposes the soldiers against you is the fact that you are not a soldier."

"That is true," said the Viscount gently.

He began his plaint anew.

"I've forgotten how to ride, my lord; I can't keep in the saddle. I have palpitations at the theatre and I plague the players with my cough; I need woollen adjustments, cough drops, soft linen——"

The Marshal interrupted him:

"What language! An officer! Before me! My duty is to send you away in disgrace. But I can't let this reach the army. You are a d'Avisseau, of a good stock. But your groans! The army, sir, is synonymous with sacrifice."

The Viscount's lozenge was changed to a drop of salt.

"You don't understand me, my lord. What I dread is simply fatigue. Except the worries, the perspiration, the wear and tear, I fear nothing else of war. Do me the honour of giving me a perilous post, but where there will be no physical resistance to display. No contortions, but just a walk and danger. Better still, for the danger once affronted, it would please me, my lord, to overstep it."

He swallowed a lozenge, coughed twice, elegantly, and said:

"So that I am not put out of breath."

"Ah," said the Marshal, who puffed a free breath, "I am at ease. I thought you were afraid."

The Viscount smiled.

"I am d'Avisseau," he said finely.

"Sit down!"

"A thousand thanks."

The Viscount stretched himself.

The Marshal said, turning over leaves: "I can't find—there's certainly something—but——"

"Dare it, my lord. Shall I incur?"

"No, but——"

"Do me the honour to tell me then."

"Well, there is danger of life——"

Little d'Avisseau was sublime. He looked amazed.

"Well, my lord?"

Then suddenly the Marshal paled. He strode two steps along the chamber.

"Stand up, lieutenant."

D'Avisseau stood up.

"I know that you speak German well."

"Yes, Marshal."

"You will dress yourself in a Prussian officer's uniform, and you will go to the place I indicate."

"I see."

"Furnished with an engineer's false passport, which I have here, stolen from Prince Ferdinand, you will approach the Artillery Reserve ready to start for Dresden. It is enormous. Look at a few of the figures: pistols, infantry guns, rampart guns, muskets, tools, artifices of war. These I needn't mention. But there are 300 bombs, 80,000 balls, 50,000 grenades, 70,000 pounds of bronze, 200,000 lbs. of lead—and 600,000 lbs. of powder."

The Marshal stopped.

"Well?" said d'Avisseau.

"You will blow all up."

"And afterwards?"

The Marshal, stupefied, drew back.

"'Tis true," suddenly cried d'Avisseau; "*afterwards* I shall be dead."

He excused himself for his heedlessness.

"Pardon, my lord. The preoccupations of health, my palpitations——"

"As far as I am concerned," said the Marshal, "your name will be borne on the lists, and his Majesty will confer the rank of colonel on you. This nomination——"

"Which I shall hear above——"

"Will be the pride of the army, sir."

D'Avisseau bowed, and the Marshal held out a packet.

"Here are the complementary explanations. You will study them. Do me the honour to embrace me, and go and put your papers in order."

Both men embraced. D'Avisseau took a lozenge, went off, sent for the uniform, and found it too heavy. And as the army was marching, like the lounge he was, he went out on the road to wave it farewell.

It was the morning of the 25th.

It debouched from the cantonments, joyous in battle array, as brilliant as a game of cards, bold and perfumed, quite French. Everywhere waistcoats and blue collars, light basques, flowered button-holes, everywhere coats of the hues of dawn, salmon, lilac, and silvery; everywhere gay greetings in ruffles; joy abounding everywhere.

This army was divided into two lines, the second of which was under the orders of MM. of Noailles and de Monti, and charged to throw the bridges; while the first settled for battle on the banks of the Aller, between Offen and Schwahsen; but as soon as they saw the Viscount the officers made a gesture, and brusquely the first rank of cavalry slackened. . . .

D'Avisseau understood. It was still the old disdain. But with a careless heart he unbuckled his little sword, using it like a cane, and leant on it haughtily, with his left hand behind, the calf of the leg curved sideways, his three-cornered hat under his arm in deference to the standards.

In the meantime a great rumour shook the ranks; the flags were lowered and drawn up again, covered with lugubrious sheaths. Then at once the Marshal was heard: "*For the funeral, gentlemen.*" And with one movement the entire army bent low toward the man who beforehand had struck out his life.

The man did not stir. But instead of the contempt he expected, gleaming, dipped before the dawn, the sword of the Marshal of France saluted him, and behind, walking in a group, the generals imitated him. Then appeared the sombre drums, covered with crape, that beat the air around the coffin; they marched past the man as in the

very presence of death, terrible, sobbing, secret. One by one after them the swords of the ensigns, the cornets, the captains, the colonels dipped, funereal; and the guns, their muzzles earthward, seemed to whisper to it the word of the abyss, of despair and of mourning. Thus passed on slow heel and mute the brigades of Picardy, of Belzunce, of La Tours du Pin, "Lyonnais," those of the Cavalry, the Cuirassiers, Royal, Roussillon, twenty-four pieces of campaign, their muzzles open as if scolding out their menace; others and others still; the brigades of Champagne, Dauphiny, Navarre, and Auvergne—and all at once, in a silence that sent an icy thrill through the air, the regiment of the *Dead*, the Aquitaine Infantry, whose men at the sight of d'Avisseau, uncovered and roared. D'Avisseau saluted, to put a stop to it, with one finger. He wiped his forehead. He seemed not to take the situation in, and upset with so much noise, continued to comfort himself with cough lozenges. At last came the tail of the troops: carabineers, the Harcourt Cavalry, then the ambulances. The baggage soldiers watched him curiously as he minced away in the direction of the deserted camp, sprightly, knocking off the leaves with little sword thrusts. Soon he was lost to their eyes. And that evening, when a part of the army entered Zell, ten thousand men, who knew the tale, sat in the cantonments, and, mute, with finger on lip, listened.

That evening, nothing. It was seven o'clock.

At midnight, nothing.

At three o'clock, in full silence, just a slight noise, as if coming from afar, so far off, burst against the strained ears like a bubble.

Boom!

And all the army bent uncovered.

A Shelley Discovery.

LAST Saturday the *Daily Chronicle* made the announcement that Shelley's lost volume of youthful poems, *Original Poetry*, by Victor and Cazire, had been discovered, and would shortly be given to the world. The existence of these poems was not known to Shelley students until 1860, or fifty years after their publication. It was in 1859 that Dr. Richard Garnett, while examining an obscure publication called *Stockdale's Budget*, published in 1827, found there Stockdale's curious narrative of his dealings with Shelley. Stockdale published the *Original Poetry* volume, which he advertised as for sale at 3s. 6d. While dealing with the book he discovered that one of the poems was a plagiarism from Matthew Gregory Lewis, the author of *The Monk*. Stockdale states that he drew Shelley's attention to this fact; whereupon Shelley, hotly resenting "the imposition practised on himself by his coadjutor," suppressed the book.

A copy has now turned up at Dorchester, which will be published by Mr. John Lane, under the editorship of Dr. Garnett. These things being so, a representative of the

ACADEMY called on Dr. Garnett at the British Museum with the view of learning something more about the "find" and its significance. Asked about the circumstances under which he first discovered the existence and title of Shelley's book, Dr. Garnett said:

"The existence of these poems by Shelley was made known to me in the manner stated by the *Daily Chronicle*, but I myself stated the facts more fully in an article which I wrote in 1860 for *Macmillan's Magazine*. You ask what *Stockdale's Budget* is like. It is a little, trumpery, libellous publication, in which Stockdale printed any scurrilous articles or gossip about well-known people which he had found in the newspapers. It seems that he had lost caste and credit by printing a scandalous book, a certain *Memoirs of Harriet Wilson*; and this 'budget' was the instrument by which Stockdale sought to revenge himself on Society. His early connexion with Shelley would naturally be matter for this gossip publication."

"Do you think that, notwithstanding his character, Stockdale's account of his relations with Shelley is to be trusted?"

"I see no reason to doubt that; but, naturally, I have examined the matter judiciously in my introduction to the Shelley volume, which, I presume, will be issued immediately."

"Is it not curious that even *Stockdale's Budget* had taken thirty-two years to reach the British Museum Library?"

"Yes, it is curious, and the circumstance only shows the remarkable fatality which has hidden Shelley's book so long."

"When, Dr. Garnett, you made the discovery of the existence of the volume in 1860, you suggested, I believe, that Shelley's coadjutor—"the impostor"—was no other than Harriet Grove?"

"Yes; but I am no longer of that opinion. The poems (which, of course, I had not then seen) contain internal evidence which inclines me to believe that Shelley's coadjutor was his sister Elizabeth. The coadjutor was certainly a young lady, and some of the poems are addressed by her to Harriet Grove. In these the writer refers to 'my brother,' clearly meaning Shelley."

"Is it not a most extraordinary circumstance that Elizabeth Shelley—Shelley's sister and helper—should import into the book a poem by 'Monk' Lewis?"

"It is extraordinary, of course, but I doubt very much whether the purloined poem was Lewis's at all. I have made an exhaustive search, and have failed to identify the poem described as Lewis's by Stockdale. Moreover, internal evidence does not favour the idea that Lewis was the writer of the purloined poem. Any poem by Lewis would detach itself from the rest of the volume by its superior merit, whereas no poem of this outstanding quality can be found in the book."

"Is it possible that it is all a mistake, or an invention of Stockdale's, and that no plagiarism occurred at all?"

"I am inclined to think it occurred. If Shelley had

been the one to announce the fraud, we could suppose that it was a device on his part to secure the suppression of the book, which he might wish to withdraw for reasons of his own. But it was Stockdale's discovery—I see no reason to doubt that on the evidence—and therefore I think that some sort of plagiarism, some misfortune of that kind, had really taken place."

"But admitting that Stockdale's story is true, is it credible that a book by Shelley, of which one hundred copies had been circulated, should drop out of sight for eighty-eight years?"

"Well, I am of opinion that Stockdale exaggerated his sales of the book, or that his memory failed him in this particular. I do not think that one hundred copies could have disappeared; and therefore I do not think that one hundred copies of this three-and-sixpenny sheaf of poems were ever put into circulation. It is probable that the number was much smaller."

"Do you consider that the discovery of this book is an event of first-class interest?"

"Yes; it is certainly that, if only because these Poems have been sought for so diligently by students of Shelley, and because of a certain amount of light which they throw on Shelley's earliest relations with Harriet Grove. Otherwise, the Poems have no importance."

"Shelley would be about eighteen when they appeared?"

"Yes; barely eighteen. They do not supersede Shelley's first romance, *Zastrozzi*, as the earliest of his works. But they will take the second place in the Shelley chronology."

"May I ask whether any of the poems are visibly the germs of later efforts?"

"I think not. They are, many of them, concerned with the wild and the wonderful, and they show traces of the hold which 'Monk' Lewis's romances had taken of Shelley's mind."

Grateful for these particulars, most courteously given, our representative withdrew. We understand that Mr. John Lane will issue "*Original Poetry*, by Victor and Cazire," shortly. They will be printed as nearly as possible in the type and style of the originals.

Izaak Walton's Prayer.

I ONLY pray for simple grace
To look my neighbour in the face
Full honestly from day to day.—
Yield me his horny palm to hold,—
And I'll not pray
For gold.

FROM J. W. RILEY'S *The Golden Year*.

A Literary Under-Secretary.

So an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, and the editor of Shakespeare's *Poems* takes the room in the Foreign Office vacated by the author of *Problems of the Far East*. The compliment to letters is a pretty one, though there may be



MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

those who will grumble that Mr. Wyndham should give up to empire what was so obviously meant for the publishers. But Mr. Wyndham was a politician before he was a belle-lettrist; indeed, his first appearance in print was in some contributions to the storm of controversy which hurtled round his head when he served as private secretary to Mr. Balfour in the days of Irish Coercion. The remorseless recording angel of the British Museum has totted up those winged words against Mr. Wyndham's name. If you are curious enough to unearth them, you will not be rewarded. There is none of the urbanity of literature here; trenchant enough, these letters and pamphlets are not quite free from the twang of acidity which political dispute seems inevitably to secrete. Among the less distinguished names of Mr. Balfour's State prisoners, you come with some interest upon that of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, the friend to whose neglected verse Mr. Wyndham has just now joined with Mr. Henley in recalling our attention. Have not the reviewers noticed the pointed exclusion of the poems written *In Vinculis* from the collection referred to?

It was about four years ago that Mr. Wyndham first broke as a critic and a scholar upon the ken of an amazed world; and the reputation begun by his masterly introduction to the reprint of North's *Plutarch* was strengthened only this spring by his admirable, and even learned edition of the *Poems* of Shakespeare. Some measure, indeed, of astonishment, as well as admiration, may be permitted when a writer, whose training has been rather in affairs than in the schools, steps forward into the battle of books with so complete an equipment, so justifiable a self-confidence, so certain a critical steel, as Mr. Wyndham has shown himself to possess. Should he, by a turn of the electoral whirligig, which perhaps he would deem less fortunate than we should, be enabled again to devote his attention to letters in the classic shades of opposition, we are sure that he has it in him to loom large in the somewhat enfeebled ranks of modern criticism. Two qualities he has greatly in his favour. Not being precisely a professional scribe, he is able to approach his subjects leisurely, to view them largely, to tackle them in the deliberate, reposeful manner of the spacious times. He is not in a hurry. He can afford to let his discourse progress

with stately evolution, and become liberal pages and a broad margin. Furthermore, he balances nicely certain instincts which should be complementary, but have been known to war: the instincts of the scholar and of the artist. He has a taste for erudition, which does not degenerate into pedantry; his desire to create, to interpret, is kept within legitimate bounds, saved from mere fantasy or eccentricity by the sobering influence, by no means universal among the critics of nowadays, of knowing something. There are those who accuse his preface to Shakespeare's *Poems* of being too highly pitched, too richly coloured, of coming dangerously near the affectations of the Euphuist. But who was more of an Euphuist, in the larger sense, than Shakespeare himself? And surely, in treating of the *Sonnets*, there could be no alarm lest the comment, either in elaboration of phrase or subtlety of argument, should exceed the text. When, indeed, if not on such an occasion, is fine writing to be held excusable?

Mr. Wyndham is altogether one of the picturesque figures of modern literature. That strenuous effort to grasp both sides of life, to be the man of action and the man of contemplation too, does it not recall the characteristic ambition of the finer Elizabethan mind, the ideal of a Sidney or a Raleigh, a Henry Wotton, a Kenelm Digby, or a Herbert of Cherbury?

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE German Emperor goes to the Holy Land a little as a politician, a good deal as a potentate, but even more as a pilgrim. He will not travel from Jaffa to Jerusalem by train; he will nightly pitch his tent upon that hallowed ground. And already the Emperor William has seen the Grail: not after vigils and fasts; not stealing down a visionary ray, not in any secret chapel in the woods—but in the waiting-room of a railway-station. That was at Genoa, years ago, by the grace of the Queen of Italy, who is enthusiastic about the treasures of this dearly loved city of hers; and who, hearing that the Emperor was to pass that way, asked the Archbishop to send the reputed relic to him; and, as he looked at it, he listened to a little lecture on its history from a compatriot. In the treasury of Genoa it has rested, except for one removal, since the year 1001, when it was brought from Jerusalem and so sacredly guarded that a near approach to the shrine was forbidden under pain of death.

THE one removal took place when Napoleon swept the temples and sanctuaries of Italy of gold and jewels, melting down all the solid silver statues, the imitation replicas of which now in their places are by courtesy called silver. Of course he took the Grail; but in the seizure it was dropped, and found to be not "carved from

one emerald," but to consist of immemorially antique green glass. That discovery disillusioned Napoleon, who was no Lancelot; and Genoa regained her Grail.

VIENNA is the most aristocratic capital left to lamenting Europe; and that is why at least one democratic American has invested large sums in the purchase of house property there. Whatever revolutions may be played out in Paris, and though Anarchy come knocking at the door in Petersburg and in Berlin, stability—this millionaire stakes his judgment on it—will endure in the chief city of Austria. Nor is its immunity from unrest a mere matter of luck. In no capital of Europe have the rich made more provision for the poor; the Royal Family itself, on the occasion of its Jubilees and festivities, has given greater things than it has received; and the lesser charities and courtesies of life are observed with delightful decorum in the relations between the different classes.

AND so it happens that even the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London, in its own department, has an imported tact. For instance, it notes with thanks the sympathy evoked by the Empress's death "in Great Britain and Ireland." The all inclusive nomenclature is used instead of partial "England," which even in our own official documents often arouses the indignation of the Irishman, the Welshman, and the Scot. In this connexion it may be interesting to record a little experience of the late Empress. Once, while hunting in Ireland, she strayed upon the great seminary of Maynooth, and encountered its President, who was strolling in the grounds reading his Office. The Empress was weary and cold, and she hailed a human habitation, even this, all devoid of womanly domesticity. The President took the cloak from his own shoulders and put it upon hers—an act of kindness she was quick to perceive and careful to remember. Returning to her Court, she sent to the College a large silver statue of St. George—not, alas! of St. Patrick; the patron of England, not of Ireland. You cannot look a gift-horse in the mouth, still less a gift-saint. But somehow the Empress heard, or divined, that she had unwittingly touched a sore spot in very sensitive nationalism. She therefore supplemented her first gift, sending this time a set of vestments in which the inwoven shamrock is everywhere seen in the design of the silk.

"AND watched by weeping queens." That is one of the Tennyson lines of magic; and it comes to mind as one thinks of the women who gathered round the death-bed of the Queen of Denmark—the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Queen of Greece, and those three queens-to-be—the Princess of Wales, and the Crown Princesses of Denmark and of Greece.

THE English law forbids (rather foolishly, perhaps) the harnessing of dogs. But if dogs are prevented from drawing—as they do with delight in Belgium—the morning milk-cart, they seem to be the most effectual drawers of the milk of human-kindness yet remaining to us. A sempstress in distress—people turn aside in impatience from the story which Hood made stale to them in their infancy. But the sempstress who cannot pay for her dog-licence: there at once is an object of compassion and of a gaping of the public's purse. Such a one appeared at the Westminster Police Court the other day; and in forty-eight hours there was this announcement as a sequel: "The magistrate has already received about 250 letters, some offering substantial help, others containing money, the aggregate sum already received exceeding £100." It would be a nice question in finance, and a nicer one in social economy, to decide how much of this was meant for the Woman, how much for the Dog.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT has decided to postpone his departure to Egypt till later than usual this year. He will try the experiment of the early winter in England, not at his Sussex home, but at a house he has taken in the New Forest. Lady Anne Blunt and Miss Judith Blunt will go with him to his place near Cairo some time on this side of Christmas.

THE private view at the New Gallery, on Tuesday afternoon, was chiefly interesting for the presence of a number of women whose faces are part of the history of contemporary art: Mrs. Hungerford Pollen, painted by Rossetti; Lady Hood, by Sir William Richmond; Mrs. Harry Taylor, by Sir E. Poynter; Mrs. Comyns Carr, by Mr. Sargent; Mrs. Newton Robinson, by Mr. Waterhouse; Mrs. Sainsbury, by Mr. Tuke; and Mrs. Walter Palmer (drawn in chalks) by Mr. Sandys.

MR. CARNEGIE, travelling in the Australian interior, could not get the natives to find water for him; and he doubts, therefore, the contrary experience of M. de Rougemont. But there are ways and ways of going about these things, and one way, discovered by an ingenious British traveller, was to fill a native's mouth with salt. That native soon struck water. Perhaps that is the recipe which M. de Rougemont has in pickle—in salt, certainly—for Mr. Carnegie when he arrives, in his narrative, at that episode of his surprising adventures.

WE regret to hear that Mr. Arnold White's accident will necessitate several weeks of complete rest. Mr. White was golfing alone on the Hampstead links, when he slipped and fell, snapping a tendon of his thigh. He lay for an hour before help arrived, when he was removed to his home in Hampstead.

The Book Market.

The State of Bookselling.

A Chat with a Provincial Bookseller.

PERHAPS no one is better fitted to talk about the state of bookselling than a large provincial bookseller, who is a bookseller, and has not yet fitted one-half of his shop with photograph frames and tinted stationery. Such a man was approached the other day, in a great Northern centre, by a representative of the ACADEMY. His shop was an excellent one, light and airy, and as large as most London bookshops of the best class. While the bookseller, a keen and busy man, attended to a few customers—business men book-hunting in their dinner hour—our representative examined the stock. This was large and admirably representative. Its arrangement, too, showed care and intelligence. Not in the course of a considerable provincial tour had our representative found a shop to which a bookish man might resort with more pleasure. The opportunity soon arose for a chat.

"Bad!" was the bookseller's reply to the first and obvious question. "Bad!—it has not always been so, and in thirty-six years of bookselling I have remained an optimist until this year. But my optimism has been breaking down for some time, and this year's experience has completed my change of feeling. I think that book-selling is in a very bad way indeed, and I confess I look to the future with misgiving."

"What is the root of it all?"

"I can hardly tell you. But you may take it from me that bookselling is ceasing to pay. Things are so ordered that the profits on literature are going into a few pockets—the pockets of a few successful publishers and authors. The bookselling part of the business is getting worse and worse."

"But people are buying books more than ever?"

"No, they're not. I am convinced they are not. The Free Libraries, and the multiplication of small suburban libraries, and the floods of periodical literature, and the over-supply of books themselves, are telling on us. I think people are becoming indifferent to books. I do. I find that some of my customers are simply ceasing to buy them. They admit it. Recently, one of my best customers, a well-to-do man, told me that when he had completed taking in a serial work with which I am supplying him he should cease book-buying. And this very day I have lunched with a man of this city, a man of wealth and leisure—carriage and pair—who has been an excellent customer; he said to me, 'I never buy books now.' 'Well,' I said, 'that is a nice heart-warming speech to address to a bookseller. If men like you are going to stop buying books, what becomes of us?' He replied that he found that books *accumulated*. I have learned to dread that word. A man buys books regularly, though perhaps slowly, all his

life, and then, when he is sixty, and has more leisure than ever for reading, he discovers that books 'accumulate,' and is so startled by the discovery that he forswears my shop. This gentleman I am speaking of: what was his excuse? 'Oh, well, you know, my dear —, books accumulate so; and I find I can obtain any book I want on loan from a place close to my house. I can send a servant for it, and when I have read it, and done with it, why it's a blessing to be rid of it.' That is how he talked; and others talk like him. The desire for *ownership* in books is weakening, I am certain; and you may depend upon it that the generation which no longer cares to *own* books is degenerate in a literary sense. Of course there are thousands who still buy freely, keep their books, and like them to *accumulate*; but I don't speak of London, or of a class, I am speaking of this city, and of the middle class generally."

"What do you think of the general run of books this year?"

"Oh, I don't complain. There have been plenty of safe books, which ought to have sold; but customers have fallen off. Do you know that my records furnish me with no parallel to the badness of this year since 1886!"

"What do you mean by safe books?"

"Well, books of which the sale is assured. In novels, Weyman's, Hope's, Haggard's, Ian Maclaren's books, and others. In —"

"Tell me this: What sort of chance has a novel by a clever, careful, but unknown novelist of being sold in your shop?"

"Well, a novel which is good, but has not been lifted into public knowledge by striking reviews—a good journeyman-novelist's novel—that is what you mean?—must forge its own way as it can. But I read every novel that looks to be good, and when I find a good story I push it."

"You do?"

"I do. I push it for the pleasure of the thing. I could name one book which absolutely hung fire in this shop. Not a copy sold. I read it, and I was so struck with the writer's style, and insight, and earnestness—"

"What was the book?"

"—that I determined to do what I could for it. Many of my customers like to chat to me about the newest novels, and I strongly recommended them—"

"What was the book?"

"—to read it. The result was that I sold between two and three dozen copies of that book *solely* on my own report of its contents. I do not think I was ever asked for it —"

"What was the book?"

"—spontaneously. It was W. J. Locke's *Derelicts*."

"How do you regard the discount question?"

"I have settled it. I allow 3d. in the shilling on a book I have in stock, but I am inflexible in allowing only 2d. on a book which I do not happen to have in stock."

"Even if it is a six-shilling novel?"

"Even if it is a six-shilling novel. I am perfectly

frank with my customers. A man, a customer, came to me a little while ago for a ten-shilling book. I obtained it for him, and charged him 8s. 4d. 'I expected to pay 7s. 6d.,' he said. 'I am sorry you did not mention the fact,' I replied. 'But I can get it for that sum in the next street.' 'You can, sir; but I cannot afford to sell the book to you for 7s. 6d. in this street after obtaining it from London, and I presume that you have no wish to take my book and services for nothing. Go, if you will, into the next street; my shop will always be open to you when it rains, or when you want to turn books over without buying.' Well, the man smiled, and paid, and went out in a mood between martyrdom and rage. But in a fortnight he came back and ordered, not one book, but a box of books. Oh, booksellers can settle these things if they will. Why, I actually charge my customers 6s. 3d. per copy for the bound volume of Cassell's *Academy Pictures*, a book in which there is always a good trade. It is sold by all my rivals at 5s. 8d.; and yet I have educated nearly forty people into paying me 6s. 3d., which they do year after year."

"Well, what is your remedy for bookselling evils?"

"The German system—that is to say, the application of the sale or return principle to books, making the bookseller simply an agent between the publisher and the public. That is my remedy. Come and see me another day. That is my remedy."

Publishing Notes.

PUBLISHERS are beginning to discuss the way in which books are now treated by the great London dailies. The *Daily Chronicle* and the *Daily News* still make a special feature of their literary columns, but of late the number of reviews appearing in their pages has steadily decreased. The *Daily Chronicle*, some think, devotes too much of its space to long notices of books of no general interest, and while its literary news is remarkable for its freshness it permits political and other articles to encroach on page three. One would much like to know what percentage of books received is reviewed by these dailies. The only papers which review books sufficiently—from a publisher's point of view and from the point of view of some readers too—are the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald*. The reviews in the *Scotsman* and *Glasgow Herald* may not be models of criticism, but they form an excellent and thoroughly up-to-date guide to contemporary literature.

THE sum paid by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for the business of Messrs. Bentley & Sons seems to have leaked out, and publishers consider that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are to be congratulated on a good bargain. It does not appear, however, to be generally known that Messrs. Bentley & Sons did not own the copyright of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels, but only published them on commission.

PUBLISHERS who are interested in the question of the threepenny magazine are making comparisons between the quality of the paper in No. 1 and No. 3 of *Harmsworth Magazine*.
P.

Bookselling Notes.

THERE is no great stir yet in the book shops; announcements are not books, and the latter are arriving but slowly. Still, the publisher's traveller is very much in evidence. Some booksellers see a dozen of these gentlemen in a morning, and buying is fairly brisk. It is, perhaps, not generally realised that the bookseller buys under conditions which try his powers of judgment to the uttermost. He sees little more than the cover, title-page, and introductory matter of a book. He may be dubious, but he must buy. And he buys two copies, three copies, four copies, or more, as his judgment dictates—but never less than two—that is to say, a copy for his window and a copy for his counter. He makes mistakes and then—why he rues them.

WHAT does a bookseller do with the books he cannot sell? Such stock is heartrending. Even its "remainder" value is small; and he must clear out at any price. In a few cases, but only a few, publishers will take back unsold books, exchanging them for others. Some books, but not many, may have been bought on "sale or return" conditions, and they are returned accordingly. Indeed, the multiplication of books is slowly tending toward the introduction of the sale or return principle into the trade. Space is so precious, and booksellers are so slow to buy doubtful books, that the publisher's traveller frequently ends his persuasive harangue by blurting out: "Well, let me send you the books at our own risk," which means "sale or return."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S *édition de luxe* of the *Life and Works of Tennyson* has been fully taken up by the trade. This does not mean that it has been fully taken up by the public; many copies are not yet bespoken, but their sale is assured. The work consists of twelve volumes, medium octavo, and their issue will begin this month, and continue by monthly volumes at 12s. 6d. each. Only 1,050 copies will be printed. The *Life* occupies the first four volumes, after which the works follow pretty much in the order in which they were written. The dramas will be found in Vols. X. and XI. The work is not illustrated with the exception of the frontispieces, of which eight are portraits of Tennyson.

THE book of the moment is *With Kitchener to Khartum*. A London bookseller's window was standing quite empty the other day; and the first book to be placed in it, when the re-dressing began, was Mr. Steevens's work.

B.

A Literary Competition.

Summer is over and the fireside reign begins. By way of providing a little amusement in that realm we propose to set regularly a short paper of search questions in English literature, old and modern, and to give, to all competitors who reply successfully, a copy of some new book. This week the book chosen is Mr. Kipling's latest collection of stories, "The Day's Work."

COMPETITION No. 1.

1. "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day."
2. "Remains of our good yeomanry blood will be found in Kent, developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women."
3. "The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry."
4. "'Yes, indeed,' remarked one of the guests at the English table. 'Yes, indeed, we start life thinking that we shall build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, and we end by contriving a mud hut.'"
5. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife."
6. "'Now, what I want is, Facts.'"

With each of the above sentences a standard or well-known English novel begins. To all of our readers who name these six novels correctly will be sent a copy of Mr. Kipling's book, "The Day's Work." Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," should reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 11.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rise and the progress of Agencies designed to facilitate the dealings of authors with publishers, many a writer having a MS. book to dispose of is still at a loss as to what steps he should take in order to have it adjudged. Requests for advice as to MSS. and what should be done with them reach us constantly. We have, therefore, resolved to establish, in connexion with the ACADEMY, a Bureau, in which all MSS. sent to us shall receive expert criticism. We invite MS. books for consideration. Although, no doubt, the bulk of the MSS. sent in may be expected to belong to the domain of Belles Lettres, the conductors of the Bureau will welcome work in other departments of literature—theological, philosophical, historical, biographical, scientific, artistic, and technical.

All MSS. sent to the ACADEMY Bureau will be considered without delay by competent readers. In each case an opinion will be written. That opinion will be

published in the Bureau department of the ACADEMY. We have also made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made by a first-class house for every MS. which is considered suitable for publication by the conductors of the Bureau. If his book seems unlikely to succeed, the author will be told why; and, in most cases, the reasons will save him from the pain of hope indefinitely deferred, and sometimes enable him to improve his book sufficiently to justify its reconsideration.

Each MS. should be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* or initials, under which our criticism will be printed, must be marked on the wrapper "ACADEMY Bureau," and accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted.

It must be distinctly understood that each MS. must contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal of the ACADEMY applies only to books that have not been published serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 6.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Clarke, D.D. (W. N.), *An Outline of Christian Theology* (Clark) 7/6
 Hort, D.D. (F. J. A.), *The First Epistle of St. Peter I., I.—II. 17: The Greek Text, with Introductory Lecture, Commentary, and Additional Notes* (Macmillan) 6/0
 Alexander (W.), *Primary Convictions* (Harper) 3/6
 Workman (H. B.), *Books for Bible Students: The Church of the West in the Middle Ages* (Kelly) 2/6
 Moulton (R. G.), *The Modern Reader's Bible: St. Luke and St. Paul (2 vols.), St. John* (The Macmillan Co.)
 Jackson (Rev. G.), *Judgment Human and Divine* (Isbister)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Sydney (W. C.), *The Early Days of the Nineteenth Century in England, 1800—1820 (Vol. I.)* (Redway) 18/0
 Friswell (L. H.), *James Hain Friswell* (Redway) 15/0
 Kingsford (W.), *The History of Canada (Vol. X.)* (Kegan Paul) 15/0
 Sterry (W.), *Annals of the King's College of Our Lady of Eton Beside Windsor* (Methuen) 7/6
 Cutts (Rev. B. L.), *Parish Priests and Their People in the Middle Ages in England* (S.P.C.K.) 7/6
 Eighty Years or More (1816—1897): *Reminiscences of Elizabeth Lady Stanton* (Unwin) 7/6
 Heraud (J. A.), *Memoirs* (Redway) 7/6
 Stevens (G. W.), *With Kitchener to Khartum* (Blackwood) 6/0
 Wilkeson (F.), *Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac* (Redway) 3/6
 Salt (H. S.), *The Life of James Thomson ("B. V.")*, revised edition (Bonner) 2/6
 Wrottesley (Major-Gen. the Hon. G.), *Creevy and Calais* (Harrison)
 Rhys (E.), *Frederick, Lord Leighton* (Bell)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

- Keats (J.), *Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil* (Kegan Paul) 10/6
 Saintsbury (G.), *A Short History of English Literature* (Macmillan) 8/6
 Munthe (A.), *Vagaries* (Murray) 6/0
 Lawton (W. C.), *The Successors of Homer* (Innes) 5/0
 Riley (J. W.), *The Golden Year* (Longmans) 5/0
 Walton (L.), *Lives of John Donne, &c (2 vols.)* (Dent) each 1/6
 Collins (W. L.), *Montaigne* (Blackwood) 1/0
 Bosant (Sir W.), *Rabelais* (Blackwood) 1/0
 Blount (C.), *Some Smiles from "The Paradiso" of Dante* (Chapman)
 Sidney (V. E.), *Waimea, and Other Verses* (Stock)
 Farquhar (G.), *The Temple Dramatists: The Beaux-Stratagem* (Dent) 1/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Sewell (R.), *Eclipses of the Moon in India* (Sonnenschein) 10/6
 Milne (J. M.), *Seismology* (Kegan Paul) 5/0
 Earl (A.), *The Living Organisms* (Macmillan)
 Haig (A.), *Diet and Food* (Churchill)
 Gorham (C. T.), *Ethics of the Great Religions* (Watts)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Spender (H.), *Through the Pyrenees* (Innes) 16/0
 Krout (M. H.), *Hawaii and a Revolution* (Murray) 10/4
 Macdonald (G.), *The Gold Coast Past and Present* (Longmans) 7/6
 Williams (E. E.), *The Imperial Heritage* (Ward Lock) 2/6
 Victoria, *Illustrated* (Sands & Kenny)
 Lander (A. H. S.), *In the Forbidden Land* (Heinemann)
 Hedin (S.), *Through Asia* (Methuen) 28/0

NEW EDITIONS—FICTION.

- By the Author of "Mary Powell," *The Old Chelsea Bun Shop* (Nimmo) 6/0
 Hawthorne (N.), *The Blithedale Romance* (Service & Paton) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

- Dodd (C. I.), *Introduction to the Herbartian Principles of Teaching* (Sonnenschein) 4/6
 Dexter (T. F. G.) and Garlick (A. H.), *Psychology in the Schoolroom* (Longmans) 4/6
 Briggs (W.), *General Elementary Science* (Clive) 3/6
 The Organised Science Series: *Second Stage Mathematics*, edited by W. Briggs, M.A. (Clive) 3/6
 Salmon (D.), *The Art of Teaching* (Longmans) 3/6
 Arabian Nights' Entertainment (Service & Paton) 2/6
 A Class Book of Dictation Passages with Words Appended, selected by W. Williamson, B.A. (Methuen) 1/6

JUVENILE.

- Henty (G. A.), *Under Wellington's Command* (Blackie) 6/0
 Henty (G. A.), *Both Sides the Border* (Blackie) 6/0
 Lang (A.), *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* (Longmans) 6/0
 Henty (G. A.), *At Aboukir and Acre* (Blackie) 5/0
 Park (C. M.), *An Alphabet of Animals* (Blackie) 5/0
 Molesworth (Mrs.), *The Magic Nuts* (Macmillan) 4/6
 Duppa (C. M.), *Stories from Lowly Life* (Macmillan) 4/6
 Ker (D.), *O'er Tartar Deserts: or, English and Russian in Central Asia* (Chambers) 3/6
 Fen (G. M.), *Nic Revel: a White Slave's Adventures in Alligator Land* (Chambers) 3/6
 Johnstone (D. L.), *The White Princess of the Hidden City* (Chambers) 3/6
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